FILE

Eve's Weekly

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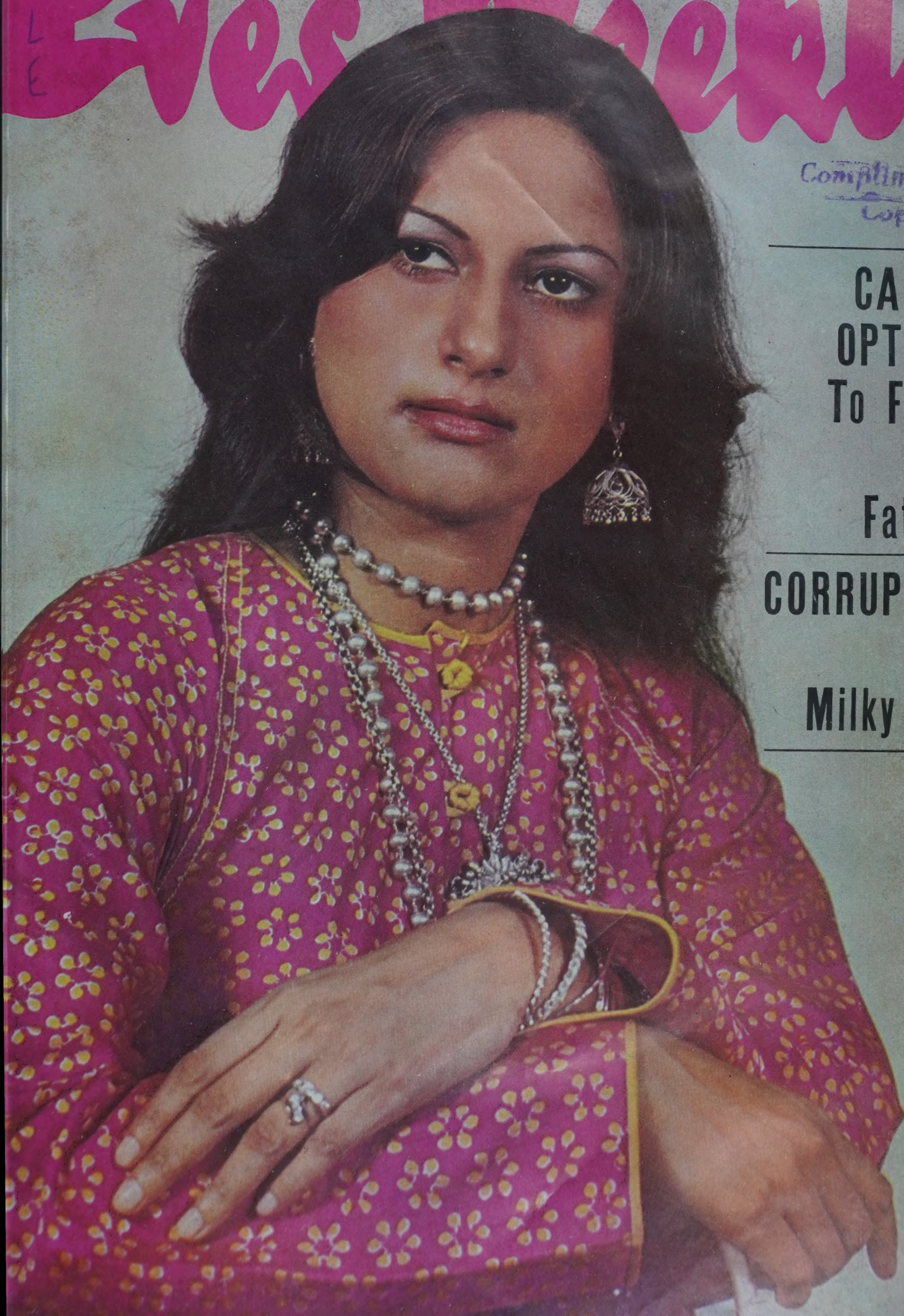

CAREER OPTIONS: To Follow The Father?

CORRUPTION: The Milky Way

New Sumeet amazes housewives!

"It's more than a mixer... It's a complete kitchen machine!"

Amazing New Sumeet. The first of its kind in India. Now available with an easy-to-clean hygienic stainless steel jar that has a see-through acrylic dome; three blade assemblies to tackle wet and dry grinding, also whipping, blending, liquidising; a special kneading attachment to make smooth dough for chappatis, puris, even paparhs, and a special cake hook to mix cake batter. And behind it all, a sturdy heavy-duty motor that can run non-stop for 30 full minutes.

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NEW

Sumeet

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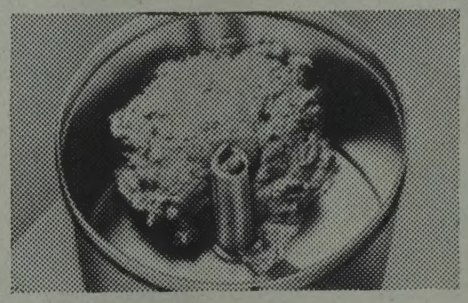
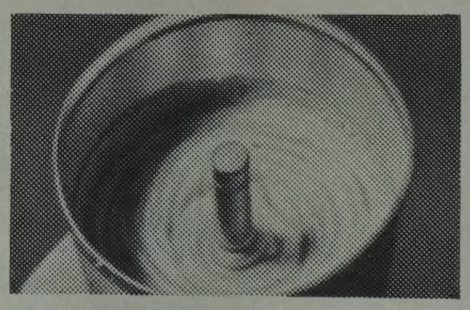
New Sumeet is available without the kneading attachment at an economical cost. Also available, the kneading attachment separately, so that you can convert your present Sumeet mixer into a kitchen machine.



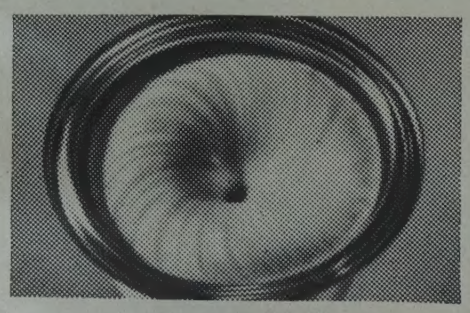
New Sumeet kneads atta in 2 minutes!

New Sumeet is the only kitchen machine that comes with its own special kneading attachment. Saves you hours of tedious work. Watch it turn out smooth dough for chappatis, puris, paparhs... even crunchy biscuits!



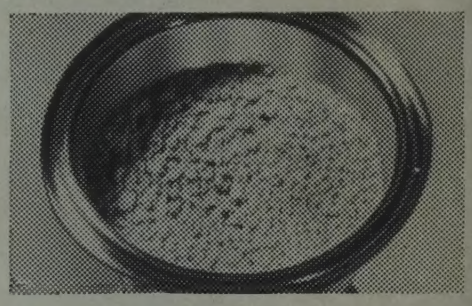
New Sumeet mixes a cake batter in 3½ minutes!

The unique hook attachment in the kneader mixes smooth cake batter in minutes! Cakes turn out light and fluffy!



New Sumeet does wet grinding in 3½ minutes!

Watch the wet grinding blade that comes with the stainless steel jar grind rice and dal pastes, idli and dosa mixes, and even coconut chutney into a fine consistency.



New Sumeet grinds dry masalas in 3 minutes!

The dry grinding blade assembly in the stainless steel jar does all your tough grinding of dry masalas, rice, rava and coffee beans. For best results, masalas and chana dal should be dried thoroughly before grinding.

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New Sumeet takes all the strain out of whipping and liquidising!

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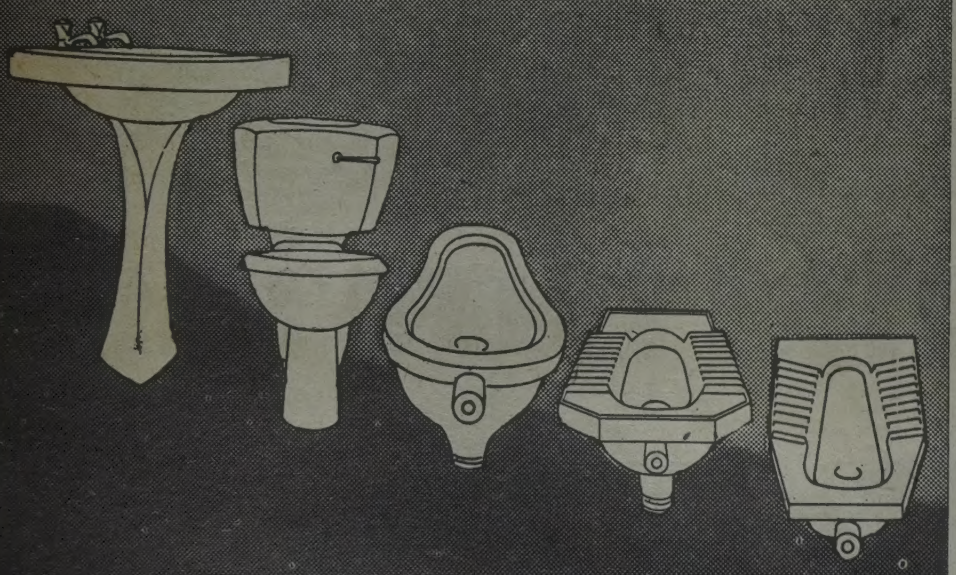

KHODIYAR
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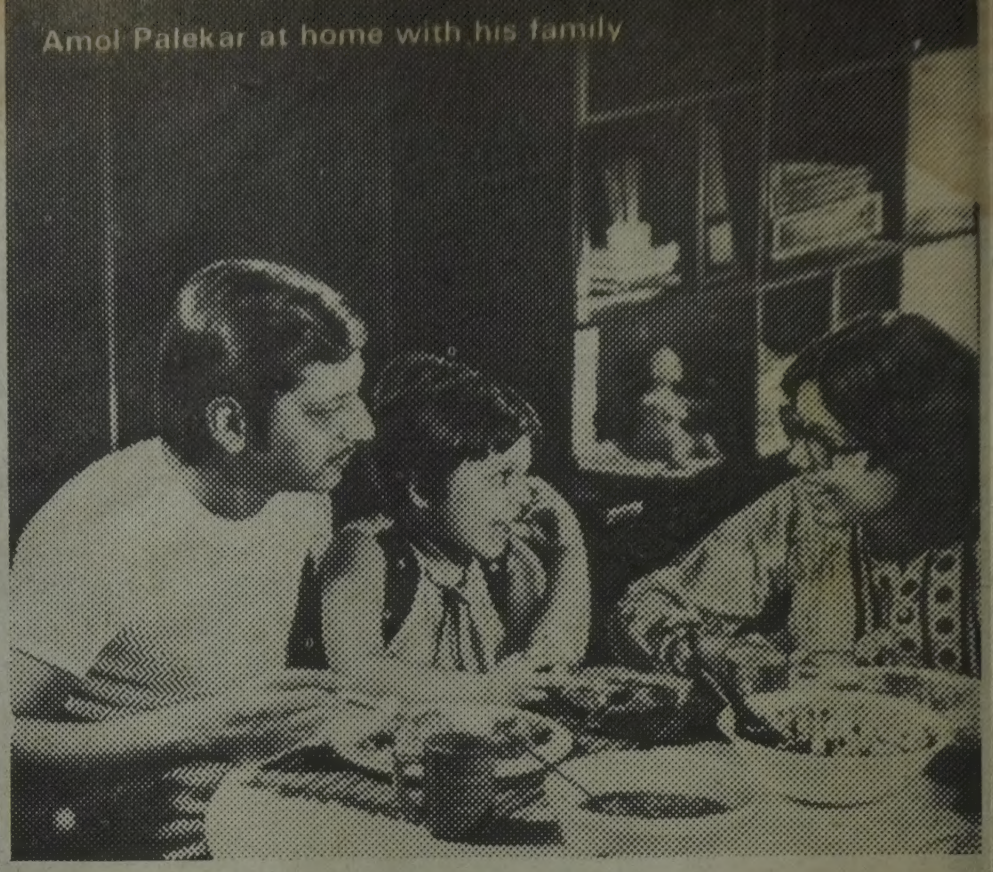
national 273



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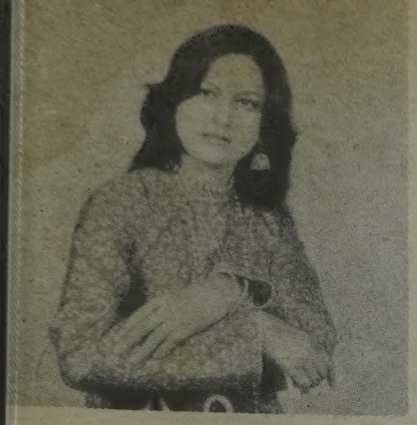

SUREKHA KULKARNI

Married recently to a management consultant who has settled in Detroit, Michigan, Surekha is very excited about starting a new phase of her life in new surroundings. Having travelled extensively in Canada and the U.S.A. before, she isn't in the least apprehensive of leading a totally alien and new life style — on the contrary she's rarin' to go!

A graduate from the Ruparel College with Chemistry (major) and Botany (subsidiary), Surekha hopes to continue her education abroad, preferably in the field of medical technology or management.

Fond of Indian classical music and ballroom dancing — a happy blend of East and West — Surekha also enjoys painting and has a penchant for designing her own clothes.

Photograph:
Farokh Reporter

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1st prize

ON THE FENCE

We Indians are good at playing the game of 'double-standards'. We can, and do, cry hoarse against pornography; yet we have no qualms about seeing a blue film or reading some obscene stuff on the sly. The Westerners are at least honest about human weaknesses — they take sex in their stride. Given the same opportunities and exposure to sex the Westerners are subjected to, we would undoubtedly find the temptations too much for us and, most probably would beat them hollow in being perverted! It is our own inhibitions, poverty, lack of opportunities and artificial social restraints that are holding us, as if on a leash.

Self-appointed moralists that we are, we sit apart on Olympian heights and pretend to be highly spiritualistic as we look down upon the Westerners as gross materialists. The trouble with us is we are neither purely materialistic nor purely spiritualistic. If we had been purely materialistic, we would not have been wallowing in stinking poverty — we would have at least matched the giant economic strides of America or Japan instead of shamelessly aping them for our progress. And if we had been purely spiritualistic, we would not have been so much steeped in ignorance, superstition, absurd ritualism, meaningless sentimentalism and dry intellectualism. Nor would we have allowed ourselves to be taken for a ride by the so-called godmen and their tribe.

The sad truth is we are neither here nor there — we are just hanging in mid-air like the legendary Thirisangu. We are not going to succeed in building a great nation unless and until we are prepared to shed our hypocrisy and false pride and face realities. Don't you think it is high time that we do some self-introspection and soul-searching in a spirit of utter humility and absolute frankness?

C. Raghunathan, Madras

Hypocrisy is our constant companion; sitting on the fence, a useful ploy. Our ancient spiritualism has been downgraded to an ugly tamasha; our entire thinking is double-edged, constantly restyled to suit our purposes. The sad truth is, we are not honest — not with ourselves, not with others.

2nd prize

CAN YOU COOK?

Through the centuries women have had to be compulsorily skilful in the field of cooking. Until a few years ago, the kitchen was the be-all and end-all of a woman's life. Thank God many have now crossed the threshold and boldly taken a step outside. However, there remains, even now, a popular and firm belief that no woman is perfect unless she excels in the culinary art.

Recently, I met a friend of mine who had married a year ago and was now visiting her mother. I was shocked to learn that this girl, whom her friends regarded as a champion in most things, was not leading an altogether happy life with her in-laws because her cooking was not upto their standard! I was further surprised to learn that she was now attending special cooking classes, desperately hoping to be a success with them. An otherwise very brilliant girl reduced to tears because of this one thing, disgusted me. Is it so essential for a woman to be an expert in the kitchen? Are none of her other skills to be considered? I think it is most unjust to sum up a woman's talent through cooking alone, as is usually done, however much one turns a blind eye to it.

Veena Mahboobani, Pune

The trouble is women everywhere — in cities and in small towns — are hopelessly preoccupied with cooking. They boast about their cooking and vie with each other to turn out "tempting" dishes. The men egg them on (pun intended!) by lavishing praise on their culinary exercises. Then other women take up the refrain and scream: Oh, how well she cooks; oh, how I wish I could be a good cook. Even career women fall into this trap. So you see, the trouble is — women themselves!

3rd prize

FULL CIRCLE

Your article "Total Woman" in a recent issue was very interesting. The book may have been a best-seller because it may have provoked the curiosity of people who believe in views diametrically opposite to what is in vogue now. But I wonder if a liberated woman will ever regress to being a "Sita" although there may be many 'Sitas' still in India, that is Bharat. If a woman is a 'Sita' in the staunch belief that that is the way to heaven and happiness, she is welcome to it, but not otherwise. Maybe in the West people are beginning to adopt the Indian way of life like meditation, yoga, the Hare Krishna movement, etc. and to them the views expressed in Total Woman may have a great appeal — they have turned a full circle, but we still haven't. What do you think?

P. Pathak, Bangalore

Anything "contrary" and "startling" can become a best-selling item. First, you project an idea and make it sell. Then you turn around and tear that idea to bits — and that sells even more. So it was with "Total Woman". The author went contrary to the hitherto accepted idea of the liberated, equal woman and bent over backwards to exhort women to be sweet and cute and docile and depedent. Hey, presto — a best-seller!

NOTE

In connection with the article "They Remember Their Previous Birth", by Aruna Jethwani in the June 4 issue of Eve's Weekly, the author wishes to make the following point.

The Parapsychology Research Institute provides the information that "Uttara has been taken up in her job," supporting the fact that she is a normal person and not a case of schizophrenia.

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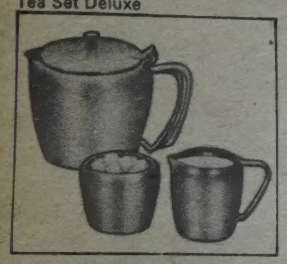
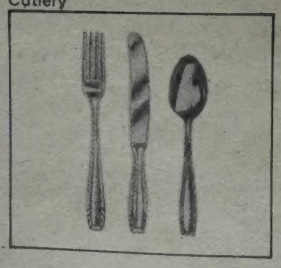
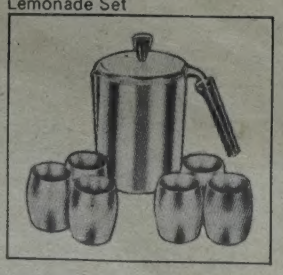


Cutlery



Lemonade Set



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SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRIALIST

A wife who is a real helpmeet of her husband in running their watch factory, and an employer who respects the rights of her workers

It was interesting to watch Shaila Hegde in the Shreeshyla watch complex, opposite the well-known Hegde and Golay watch factory in Bangalore. The sprawling Shreeshyla co-operative industrial estate complex consisting of several ancillary units is manned by this competent, comely lady, who is so unruffled at all times that the administration is smooth and orderly, clicking along with clock-work precision.

"My husband started the Hegde & Golay factory in collaboration with his Swiss friend Golay in 1974," Mrs. Hegde said. "We have specialised in making very economical watches like 'Arathi', 'Siddharth', as well as CED digital electronic watches . . . Then I felt we should make components here and not import them from Switzerland. This would also provide employment to many young people. Once I worked on this, things moved fast and the watch complex with its ancillary units was born. Today, more than 800 young people work in these units. I take them untrained (they need not even be matriculates). Gradually we train them and in two or three years, they become skilled workers.

"A watch has so many intricate parts that it is indeed a job to assemble the components. This needs dexterity, care and concentration. Fitting of some parts needs special skill. We have to choose and grade workers according to their skills and allot work so that they can specialise and become experts in jobs suited to their abilities."

Home Table Units:

Shaila Hegde is now working on the idea of making independent, fully equipped table units for skilled workers. "I would like to introduce a scheme whereby the workers can slowly own their tables, paying the dues in instalments. This way, the tables can be shifted even to their home. A woman skilled worker who gets married or has young children can still do that particular job of assembly at home, and earn her livelihood. We will not lose skilled labour and the worker will continue to earn," feels Shaila, who is keen about socio-economic reforms and provision of welfare facilities for people who work in her units.

A creche, a nursery, a health and family planning centre are a few projects she has begun for the welfare of the village people around the watch complex.

Polytechnic for Horology:

Shaila is the chairman and governing council member of the Polytechnic for Horological Engineering, which is the only one of its kind in India and recognised by the UNIDO (United Nations Industrial Development Organisation).

"There was no place in the whole of our country to train people in watch making. Only unskilled workers have all these days been taken and trained in the factories, and later some have been trained in Switzerland. Hence the need to establish an institute of Horology for giving them academic, as well as practical training."

Shaila has several plans to extend the educational and training facilities at the Polytechnic, where her second daughter is also a student. "This way she would be qualified to look after the factory or the complex later. I had to learn it all on my own, whereas coming to it with academic and practical training would be of immense help," feels Shaila, who has already trained several batches of students.

Most of them have been absorbed in the watch complex, while a few have also gone out for employment elsewhere, when they got good opportunities. "We do not make them sign any contract to bind them to our unit. We do not want to stand in their way," Shaila said. But she certainly feels the pinch when trained personnel go away to improve their prospects.

But that is exactly what distinguishes Shaila Hegde as an industrial executive — her concern to do good and do the right thing. This is how management should be, planning for the betterment of the people in general, and taking a broad-minded view in the matter of employment.

Shaila got an award from Jaycees in the IWY for rendering good services in the field of industry. She is the vice-president of the Bangalore branch of ALTRUSA International. She is the president of the Shreeshila Trust; a member of the Indian Horological Institute, a member of the Institute for Ecology and Environmental Protection and a member of the State Home for Women, Karnatata.

Shaila has three daughters. The Hegdes are greatly interested in the fine arts and have provided outlets for talented artists while beautifying their factory and watch complex premises. Metal sculpture, murals, paintings, cement garden sculpture, carved doors, stone sculpture—all these adorn the area, to gladden the hearts of those who can afford to stand and stare at them without being aware of the ticking away of any watch!

Shakuntala Balu

Women workers in the assembling unit of the watch factory.

CHOICE OF CAREER: following in father's footsteps

Why do so many take up their fathers' profession? Is it compulsion—overt or covert—tradition, rivalry, pride in the father's success, or hope of easy success?

Mira Savara

Unlike the old days when professions were hereditary, today careers are a matter of choice for every young man and for young woman, too. As a matter of fact, while the sons of doctors, engineers, lawyers often tend to follow their fathers' professions, the son choosing his father's profession is no longer a social compulsion. In the vast majority of cases children, both sons and daughters, tend to choose careers suited to their talents, inclinations and ambitions.

But those who follow in their father's footsteps, why do they do so? Could this be due to genetic influence? Aptitudes like an ear for music, a healing touch, a talent for painting or acting, are often inherited from one's parents. But there are other causes also and psychologists have put forward several reasons as to why this occurs.

Psychoanalysts concentrate largely on the relationship between the mother, father and child during the formative years of the child's development to understand the reasons why children follow the professions of their parents.

The reasons are few but sufficiently varied, so that it is quite difficult to say on a superficial hearing of any story why this professional continuity occurs.

Children tend to follow their parents' profession if in their homes and relationships they have enjoyed security and happiness; they can also do this for an extremely unfortunate reason — a desire to compete — a desire to surpass their parent due to a latent Oedipus complex which exists in their unconscious. Or else it may be because there is a subtle forcing which takes place through suggestions — vague, but a perpetual nagging — that do not allow young persons to experiment and learn through their own mistakes, denying them autonomy. Or else a desire of the parents to achieve through their children what they themselves wanted to be or do, or what they see society as respecting.

Take the situation where an Oedipal conflict is latent in the youth's unconscious. An Oedipal situation is one where an intense rivalry exists between the father and the son for the mother. For a girl, the rivalry for the father is called the "Electra Complex". (These are names of two tragic Greek characters faced with such a conflict.)

The orthodox Freudian explanation for this situation is as follows: The son forms a strong attachment for his mother due to the early associations of nursing, feeding, etc. When his sexual impulses are developing, these are transferred to the mother. The father is seen as a competitor and thus the child would have his father out of the picture. The situation for women is much more complicated, as it involves a transference of affections from the mother to the father.

There are various situations which intensify this situation — when there has been a traumatic experience in the life of the child (like the birth of a second child, meaning less attention, or early sexual experiences), an unconscious sexual love of parents towards the child, the absence of one parent, conflicts and arguments between parents, a strong sense of morality in the family, especially religious, which prevents the normal sexual development of the child, for example when masturbation is strongly censored and prevented.

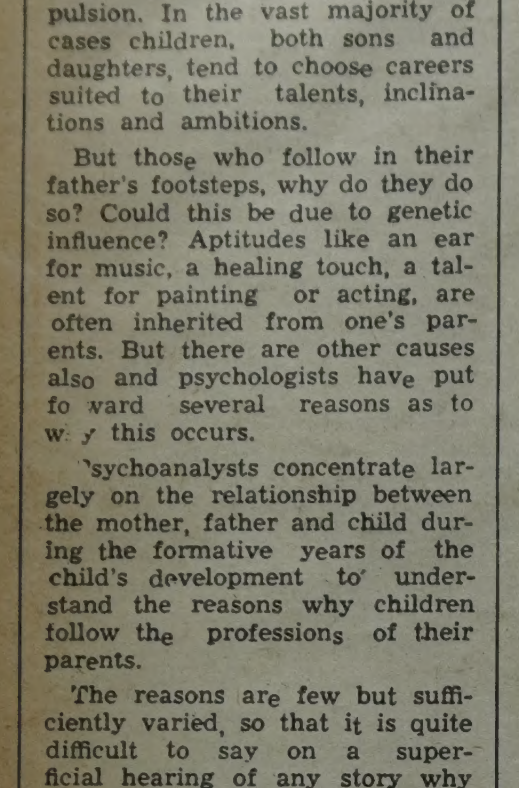
Nowadays, phychoanalysts have gone far from Freud's original explanation which saw an Oedipal conflict latent in every individual as part of his normal development. The social, environmental, the interpersonal, climate in which a child develops are now seen as being the most important contributors to the conflict.

As a result of the Oedipal conflict the child's personality develops on aggressive lines due to his desire to surpass, to show himself better than his father. In the process of doing this, he takes up the profession of his father so that a direct comparison takes place with his father. Foremost in his mind, unconscious of course, is the desire to prove superior to his father. He desires to take up the profession not because he loves it but because he wants to show himself as better than his father and thus to get the mother's love which his father enjoys. Such a person is never really happy or satisfied in his work.

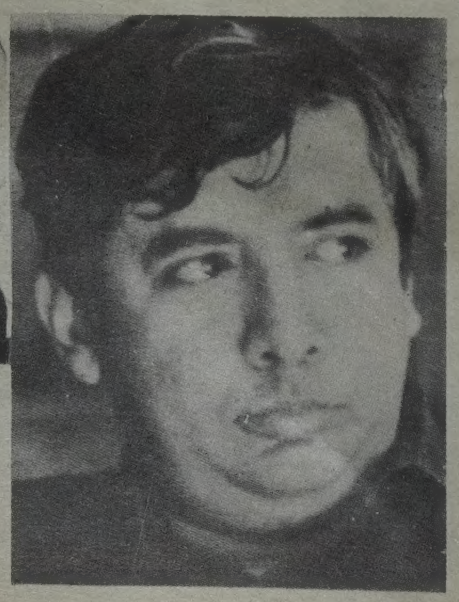
It is important to emphasise that this is never a conscious motive. The young person may give many reasons for taking up his father's profession, but the real one is deep-seated, involving the early days of the formation of the child's personality. We know about these causes only because children who have had these problems and who have taken up their father's profession because of their feelings of dissatisfaction come for psychoanalytic therapy. It is only after months of work that the deep lying fears and feelings have been uprooted.

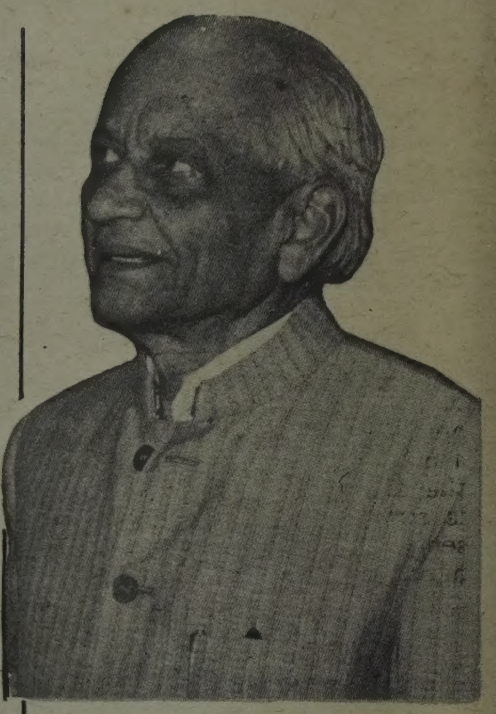
However, all children who take up their parents' professions have not done it for this psychological reason. Quite often it is the opposite reason, a happy childhood of affection and security. If the father himself is happy with his work, shows himself as deriving satisfaction from what he does, if the mother is also satisfied and there is a situation of mutual love and respect, the child grows up respecting what his father is doing. In such a situation the child who takes up the profession of his father does so not with a feeling of competition, but with a feeling of respect, of enjoyment, of positive feeling.

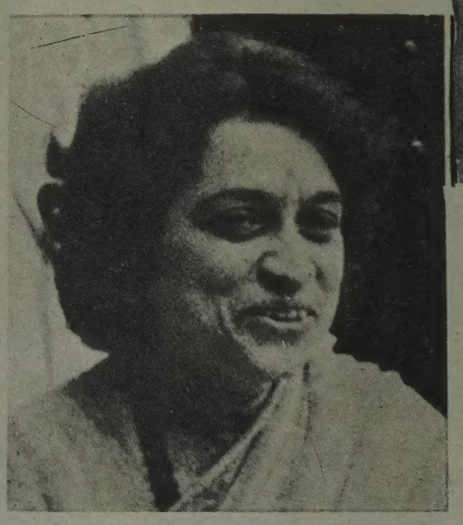
The third situation arises when parents refuse to accept that their children are separate individuals with a right to autonomy. In this situation, what the children want to do does not count. All through life they never grow up to develop their capacity for



Mr. Frank Moraes and Dom Moraes are a conspicuous example of a son following his father's profession—journalism.







Mrs. Roza Deshpande and her father Mr. S. N. Dange are both in politics and belong to the same party, too — the CPI.

nowing themselves, to know hat it is they would be inter- ted and satisfied in doing. They row up in a situation in which ecisions have always been made r them. In such a situation the hildren mechanically follow hat the parents expect them to .

Most families in India do not ave an atmosphere of freedom f choice for the children. For any it is the pressure of finance. Worrying about money is so cute that the atmosphere in the ome is rarely one of security. he child feels compelled to go to something soon, fast. In this tuation to think of oneself, ne's needs and hopes as an in- ividual, is condemned as being elfish.

However, it is important to em- hasise that one also finds that espite lack of finance, many arents do not force their own esires and needs on their child- en. And conversely, in many uite well-to-do families the am- itions or prejudices of parents ake them compel their children o take up professions they do ot want to pursue. It is the wil- ngness of parents to respect the ndividuality of their child which llows for an individual to deve- op. Without this understanding, ith the required relationship of ove and security, the lack or pre- ence of finance plays only a inor role.

Children may also be forced nto taking up careers they do ot like because society sees it in honourable light, or it promises he status for which the family s striving, or because it repre- ents an unfulfilled desire of the arents themselves. A father who onged to become a doctor but ave it up for some reason, will ttempt to achieve his dreams hrough his offspring. All these ituations harm the individuality f the child.

These situations lead to situa- ions of crisis and problems with- n the family structure. Children re subtly forced by such pleas s "Try, you may like it" or, "I ave worked hard all my life do- ng all those things so that you ould do what I couldn't" or, "Don't you love us? Don't you want to see us happy?" Often when there is a severe conflict between what the children want o become and what is subtly (or not so subtly) forced on hem, rebellion may set in.

In one such situation, a boy of 20, who was being pushed into going into medical school, lost all interest in studies. He stayed at home, became horribly depres- ed, totally withdrew from life. He had wanted to take up music, but his parents simply could not accept this. It violated all their status norms, all the dreams and desires that they had for him. Subtle pressure, refusal to sup- port him, led to a situation where the boy found little to live for.

Worried, the family took him to an analyst. The boy was quite vocal, and explained the situa- tion quite lucidly. However, in spite of the analyst's opinion, the parents refused to accept that they were to blame for their son's problem. For them, it was that their son just did not know what was good for him. It was easier for them to accept a men- tally and emotionally disturbed child than to accept that their son was an individual who had ambitions and desires of his own.

Thus why children take up the profession of their parents is a complex problem. It may be due to competition, due to affection and security, or due to a refusal to see children as autonomous individuals.

SONS AND FATHERS, DAUGHTERS, TOO

With teaching as a family tradition, it is small wonder Kavita has taken up teaching like her father Nissim Ezekiel.

NISSIM EZEKIEL AND KAVITA

Theirs is not just a simple case of the daughter following in her father's footsteps. The teaching vocation has been in the family for four generations. Nissim Ezekiel is a professor in the Department of English, Bombay University. His mother was the principal of her own school until she breathed her last. His father was also a professor. And his father before him was a teacher in the Army. And finally, there's Mr. Ezekiel's daughter Kavita who says that she did not get into the profession purely to keep the Ezekiel banner flying in college circles, but because teaching comes naturally to her.

Perhaps the fact that she has been reared in an environment so predominantly literary had a lot to do with her affinity for not just the same profession but the same subject as her father as well. Both father and daughter teach English literature.

Kavita recalls her penchant for teaching at an early age. As a child, she was supposed to spend the afternoons taking siesta, sans talking. She would quietly slip away from the confines of her room, armed with a ruler, and escape to the garden. Her purpose? To enlighten the plants and flowers! She'd gesticulate and teach nature just as she'd seen teacher wave her ruler about in class. Once she finished her M.A. the topic of her profession casually came up and her father advised her to take up teaching. Her mind however had already been made up, by herself. She couldn't imagine herself in any other but an academic environment.

Mr. Ezekiel didn't have to coerce or command. As he said, "A non-literary temperament is very strongly revealed in a child. If Kavita was good at science, regardless of my wishes, I would have encouraged a scientific profession for her. But she, like me, is extremely weak in Maths!"

Kavita confesses she has got "tremendous inspiration from Daddy."

What's Daddy's attitude — does he consider her to be on a par with him, intellectually? Said Nissim, "When we discuss a book, I discuss it with her as I would with a senior student, not as a colleague. Her point of view is still tentative. In two years' time it well might become firm. Then equality will be established."

Condescending it isn't — his attitude — critical it is. Precisely what one would expect from a critic of Mr. Ezekiel's standing. He rates her as a very good teacher though. "Even when she comes to me with a query — in the few words she uses she indicates that she has grasped the essence of the subject. And the response she evokes from her students, the warmth and enthusiasm she generates, is much more than I did."

Mr. Ezekiel is much better at exposition, at expounding a subject, at developing ideas—at the M. A. level, for instance. Kavita excels at explaining ideas simply, lucidly, in an uncomplicated, direct manner.

Commenting on her father she said, "I admire his concentration, his persistence, his analytical mind — qualities I lack. I may have the intelligence, but I have not built up the same devotion to the subject as he has."

For Mr. Ezekiel, literature is a way of life — it accommodates everything — religion, philosophy, politics. For Kavita, it isn't so, yet.

The daughter takes after the father in more ways than one. Both are poets though they write differently. She writes poems which are a product of a "spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion" as Wordsworth put it. She writes quickly. Nissim says he is slower at writing poetry than at journalistic or critical writing. "I'm very slow at revising a poem. I want distance from it. I criticise."

Nissim Ezekiel has had a chequered career. He started as a school/college teacher, went abroad, returned and had a spell outside teaching, in journalism — he worked as a sub-editor in a magazine — and advertising, and then gravitated once again to teaching — a profession he wouldn't give up even if he were offered a million rupees today. "I've become too involved in it. Teaching gives me contact with youth, a contact with life."

Kavita thus far hasn't dabbled in any other profession though psychology and social service attract her. Given the choice, however, she would stay put in the teaching profession.

Ratu Kamlani

KHUSHWANT SINGH AND RAHUL

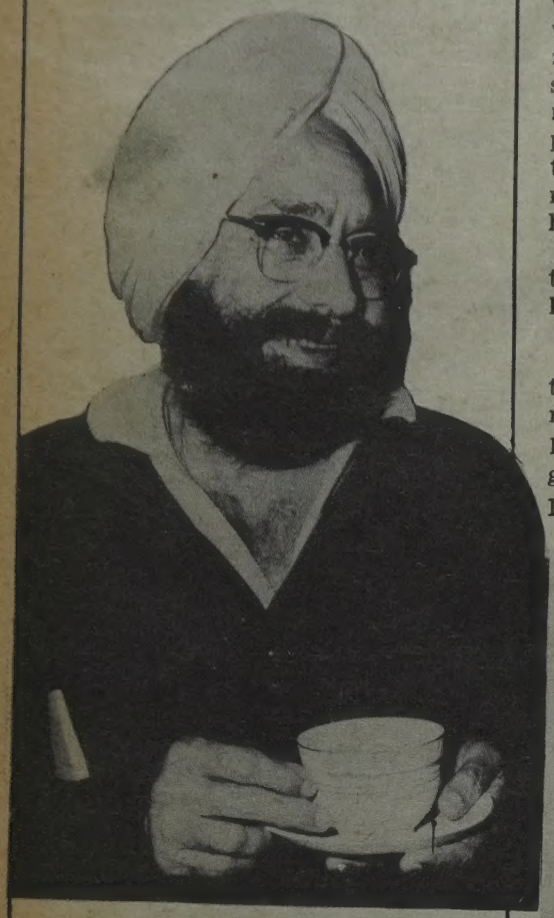
Mr. Khushwant Singh started writing books during his short career in the Diplomatic Services. He also wrote for newspapers, both Indian and foreign, and got a lucky break with the New York Times, because at that time it just so happened that they wanted an article on the first Indo-Pak War. After that he continued writing for them and for that matter still does because, as he says, "When you get paid a thousand dollars for an article plus all expenses, who wouldn't?"

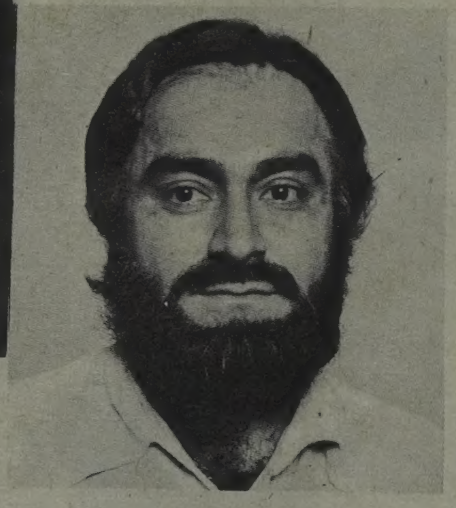
He has also written novels and the "History of the Sikhs" with

CHOICE OF CAREER: following in father's footsteps

the help of a scholarship from the Rockefeller Foundation. After he returned from the United States where he was teaching, he took over the editorship of the Illustrated Weekly in 1969, with what remarkable success, everybody knows.

His son Rahul, who is now editor of the Indian edition of the Reader's Digest, also has no formal training in journalism. While he was studying at Cambridge, he contributed to the University magazine, mainly writing political articles concerned with Indian affairs, and he also





Another father-son success story in journalism—Mr. Khushwant Singh and Rahul Singh.

did some film reviewing in which he was and still is particularly interested. He never really had any definite idea of becoming a journalist, and at one time toyed with the idea of joining the IAS.

What really aroused his interest in writing was the fact that he returned to India from England by car, which was in his own words, "quite an experience." This prompted him to write about it, and one of these accounts appeared in the Illustrated Weekly (at that time his father was not the editor) and the other in The Sunday Standard and this encouraged him to take up journalism as a career.

Actually, his father would have preferred him to take up a job with a firm, because he thought he was better suited to be an executive. However, once Rahul decided to become a journalist, his father conceded that he was in fact, "quite a good one." He started out as a free-lancer with The Hindustan Times and eventually joined The Times of India as an assistant editor, quite an achievement for a young man of twenty-three.

He was with the paper for five years after which he left to take up his present position with the Reader's Digest. Although he thoroughly enjoyed his work with the Times, he felt that he wanted to change over to magazine journalism. Almost at the same time that he left the organisation, his father took up his post of editor, and Rahul says that this also influenced him in making the decision to leave, as he felt it would have been a disadvantage for him to work in the same organisation as his father.

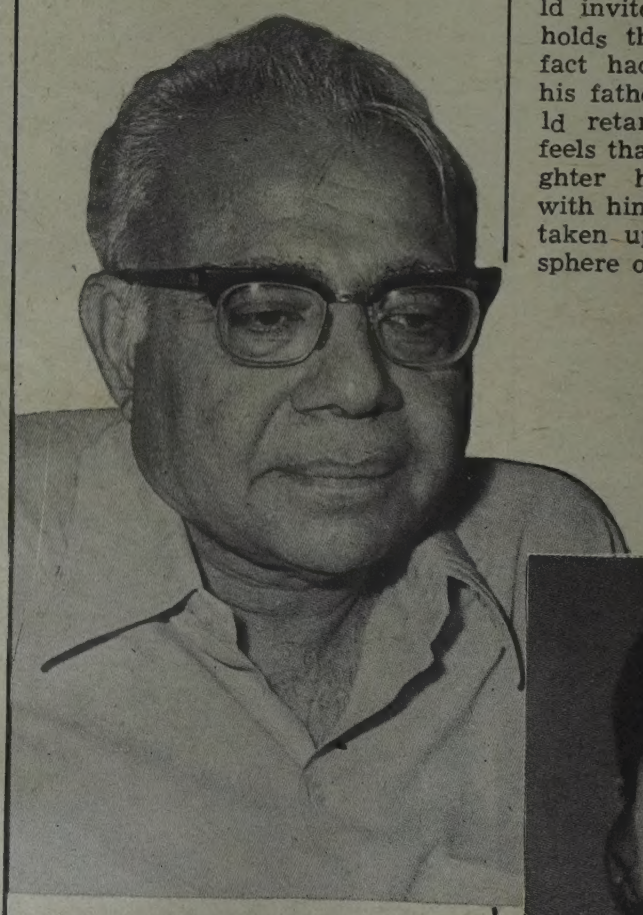
Both father and son believe in their own independence, and respect each other's time and privacy. They however have a good professional relationship. Khushwant Singh does pass opinions on his son's work and offers advice which, he says, as often as not is not taken. His son is also free to pass his opinions and Khushwant Singh says that he came in for a lot of criticism from his son over the views he held on the Emergency.

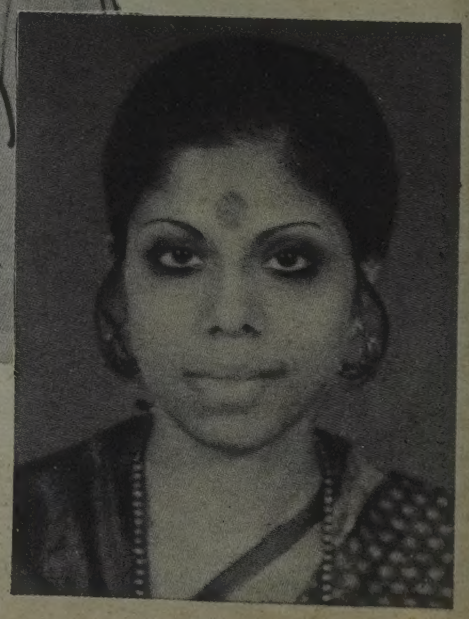
He is proud of the fact that his son is earning a higher salary than himself, and seemed amused by the fact that when Rahul got his latest increment and realised it would put him in a higher bracket than his father, he first telephoned his mother as he felt his father might be hurt. The main complaint Khushwant Singh has against his son is that he does not work hard enough. He himself gets up at 5 a.m. always, walks to and from his office, and says he does far more work than his son. He also wishes his son would write more in his own right and that in his present position he does hardly any writing.

RAM JETHMALANI AND RANI

Originally from Karachi, Mr. Jethmalani comes from a family of lawyers, but despite this fact his father did not really want him to follow in his footsteps. Mr. Jethmalani attributes this to the fact that his father grew up in the shadow of his own father, who was an extremely successful lawyer. But he longed to emulate his grandfather and became the very successful lawyer that he is today. Just as his father had felt about him, he too felt that his own daughter should not join the legal profession as he feels that the rough and tumble of court practice is inconsistent with female delicacy!

Rani herself had no such inhibitions. A staunch supporter of Women's Lib, she took up law and has absolutely no regrets. After graduating from St. Xavier's College with Politics, she did her LLM from the University of Bombay, and until last October was not only practising but also teaching Constitutional Law at the K. C. College. Up to the time her father took political asylum in the United States during the Emergency, Rani used to assist him in his work. It was only after he left India that she started working independently and she still does so today, even after his return. She is full of admiration for her father and says that perhaps he is the best cross-examiner India has produced. As a young girl she often used to go to court and watch him at work, and says that it was seeing her brilliant father at work which opened her eyes to the rewards of the legal profession.





Daughter Rani is emulating her famous lawyer father Mr. Ram Jethmalani.

Rani specialises in matrimonial law, although she would actually like to do more constitutional work. One reason why matrimonial law appeals to her is because she feels that Indian women are terribly oppressed, and that taking up their cases is one way of advancing the cause of women. Mostly she appears for the women, but at times has taken up men's cases also. Her father is also of the opinion that matrimonial law is a good choice as it gives great scope for feminine talent, and that many women would trust a lady lawyer more, feeling that she is more sympathetic to them.

But being the child of a famous father, Rani feels, is a definite disadvantage and being a woman is worse, as women lawyers are not taken seriously. However, those who do work with dedication win the respect of their male colleagues. She also feels that perhaps it is not a good idea to start work as a junior in your own father's chambers as you incline to be careless with clerical work or cases in which you are not particularly interested. In somebody else's chambers if you took this attitude you would invite rebuke. Her father also holds the same opinion and in fact had refused to work with his father as he felt that it would retard his own progress. He feels that to some extent his daughter has suffered by working with him, but fortunately she has taken up a completely different sphere of law.

Rani says that she has learnt a t from her father and benefited remendously from his guidance, though often because of pressure of work he would send her some colleagues for advice. Both father and daughter feel that following the same profession has brought them closer not only professionally, but also as individuals. Mr. Jethmalani says that seeing his daughter at work has made him appreciate her intellect better and that in his professional work he treats her as he would any other junior.

K. K. HEBBAR AND REKHA

Although he has studied all traditional forms of Art, K. K. Hebbar paints in the contemporary style. Traditional Art, he says is more illustrative, and while appreciating it, finds that it is not sufficient for his purpose, whereas Contemporary Art while capturing the essentials allows one to express them symbolically in his own way. After his studies he taught for sometime, but gave it up as he did not find it satisfying enough. He never thought of doing anything but painting and attributes his success to his dedication. Speaking of today's youngsters, he says they just do not have the grit and capacity for hard work that his generation had.

Even though all his three children, one son and two daughters, can draw and paint well, it is only Rekha who has taken up painting as a career. A quiet but highly imaginative child, Hebbar tells an amusing story of an incident in Mahableshwar which took place when she was about five. Once, while on a walk she spotted some bamboo growing and asked what it was. After thinking about it for sometime, she remarked to her father who is tall and thin that "the Bamboo is just like you Daddy."

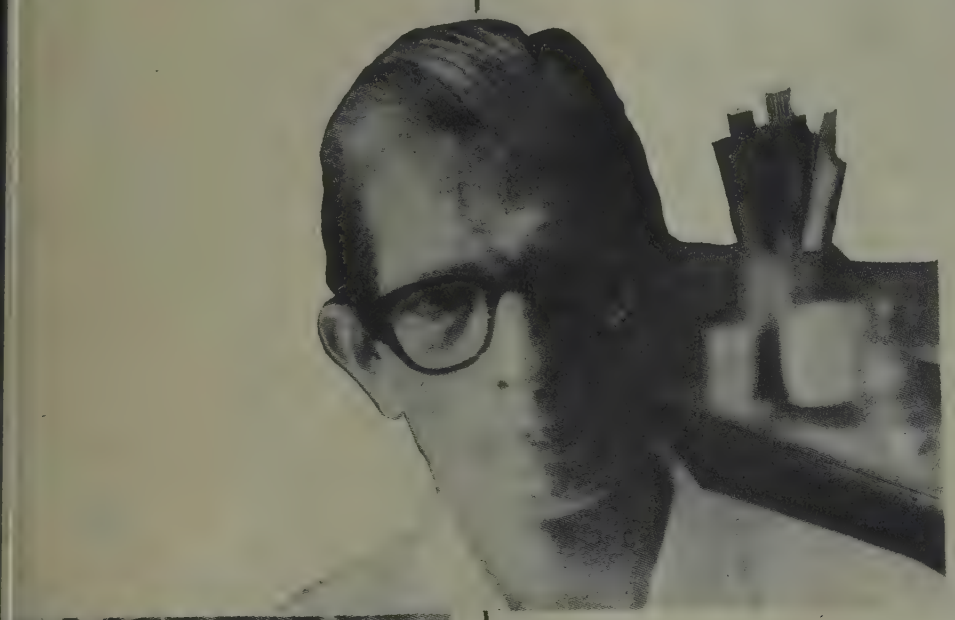
Rekha herself has received no formal training, and both father and daughter agree that with her background and surrounded as she was by an artistic atmosphere, it was not really necessary. She always showed an active interest in her father's painting and would often watch him at his work, asking questions. On his part, her father helped her by giving her the right materials at the right time and guided her by setting up certain objects to paint.

She says that she always liked painting and handling colours and after leaving school there was no question of her doing anything else but painting. She did not want to go to an Art school and as her father was also insistent that she have some kind of general education, she joined Elphinstone College where she did her B.A. in History and the History of Art. She says that one of the reasons why she chose Elphinstone College was because it is close to the Jehangir Art Gallery, and she never missed a show. She feels it is important to see as many paintings as possible, and today as a result of this and her voracious reading, which she still continues, she can see a painting and tell who has done it and maybe even at what period.

Being the child of a famous father is never easy and she finds it especially hard for a woman to be accepted in her own right, more so in India which has a more tradition-bound society. She keeps regular hours, painting every morning from nine to one, mainly because she gets the best lighting at this time, and sometimes in the evenings. Married and mother of a young son, she takes her career seriously and receives encouragement from her husband who has started taking an interest in Art through her.

Although she painted from childhood, Rekha only started exhibiting professionally after she left college. She has had a number of one-man shows here and also one show in the United States where she spent two years with her husband. Last year she and her father had a joint show, and recently her paintings have been bought by museums and private collections, both at home and abroad.

Both Hebbar and his daughter insist that there is no similarity between their work. Even the technique is different, as her father uses a palette knife, whilst she herself uses a brush. The fact that she has an independent style and way of working is one which makes her father particularly happy and he says that it shows she really has talent, and originality. That he is proud of her work is clear from the way he showed me her paintings displayed in his house.



Rekha has not been deterred from taking up painting by the fame of her father Mr. K. K. Hebbar.

DR. R. J. MANEKSHA AND SONS

Dr. R. J. Maneksha, a prominent plastic surgeon of Bombay, hails from a family of doctors. So it is no surprise that both he and his two sons wanted to become doctors from childhood. Dr. Maneksha became interested in the field of plastic surgery when he saw the poor cleft lip operations which were being performed and the bad neglect of burn cases. At present he does both repair and cosmetic surgery, handling about 50 per cent of each type.

Dr. Maneksha says he never wanted to stay abroad, but always wanted to practise in India. On the other hand, both his sons recently left to go abroad; the younger son, an MBBS has gone to the United States, and the elder, a chest surgeon, for the U.K. Dr. Maneksha feels that although his younger son will stay permanently in the U.S., his elder son will return. When asked why he thought this, he said it was just a feeling.

Dr. Maneksha is glad that both his sons took up the medical profession. The only regret he has is that neither of them took up plastic surgery as their speciality. Dr. Maneksha says they did discuss this fact, but his sons had their own definite ideas. He says that his elder son decided to become a surgeon as he felt plastic surgery was superficial in that it deals mainly with the skin. For this reason it did not appeal to him, and so he chose to specialise in chest surgery.

In many fields the children find it a disadvantage following in the footsteps of their fathers. However, Dr. Maneksha feels that it is the reverse in the medical profession, that it is a distinct advantage having a father who is also a doctor. This brings the children into contact with a vast number of consultants and specialists. His sons being in the same profession has brought them much closer to each other, much more than if they had been in different professions. The reason for this, he feels, is the common subject which brings them together to discuss various cases and ask for advice.

Anu Sheth

Both of Dr. R. J. Maneksha's two sons have taken up the medical profession.

DARK CORRIDOR

Denise Robins

PART FOUR

THE STORY SO FAR

Arranging to meet her fiance Martin Ashley at Madeira, Corisande Gilroy finds that Martin has disappeared after booking at the Reid's Hotel. Police search yields no results, nor do Corrie's own frantic efforts. Desperately struggling to keep alive her fading hopes, Corrie follows every clue into the mountain hamlets, but Martin seems to have vanished into thin air.

Actually, going out for a walk up the mountains, Martin has slipped and fallen into a deep ravine. A once lovely girl, Sanchia, one side of whose face has been marred cruelly in a motor cycle accident, sees him and decides to risk the danger of climbing down and rescuing him.

NOW READ ON. . .

He reached her. Together they stared, craning their necks to see more clearly.

"Look, a man's body! I can see blood on his hair. Oh, Papa, he must have fallen and hit his head. He may not be dead. We must get him up.

"Mother of God! I see quite clearly how young he is, Papa. And he is not an islander. He is a stranger — English or American, from his clothes. He is fair. I can see that, too. Poor young man!"

Jose stood up. He crossed himself, like the good Catholic he was. "Jesus and Mary, have mercy on him, but I cannot go down there. My limbs are too stiff."

"But I can reach him. I am strong, I have a good head for heights," she said breathlessly.

"But you might trip and kill yourself."

"I won't trip. Besides, I do not believe he is dead. I will get him up," said the girl obstinately. "You are useless Papa!"

"I can go and find someone in Quintra. It is nearer than Camacha."

Ignoring him, Sanchia was now lying face downwards on the turf. She sprang to her feet as her father returned. Her face was flushed and her eyes full of a light that he had not seen there for a long time. "I can see plainly that he is young and handsome. If he has a life to save, I will save it."

"Be careful," said the old man fearfully. "Be careful if you mean to go down that ravine. It is a long way to the bottom should you fall, my child, and you are all I have."

Sanchia was already going down the ravine. Reaching the still figure, she laid her hand gently on the young man's blood-streaked head. "Be of good heart, mon brave. I will save you!" she whispered. Tying the rope she had brought with her, round his chest, she climbed up again with the rest of the rope. She looked at her father with eyes that were bright with a new spirit. So the weak old man and the strong young girl pulled Martin Ashley out of the ravine and up on to the sunlit ground. Sanchia went down on her knees and turned his body over. For the first time she saw his face. She examined him closely. Blood had run down his left cheek as well as his matted hair. But he was handsome.

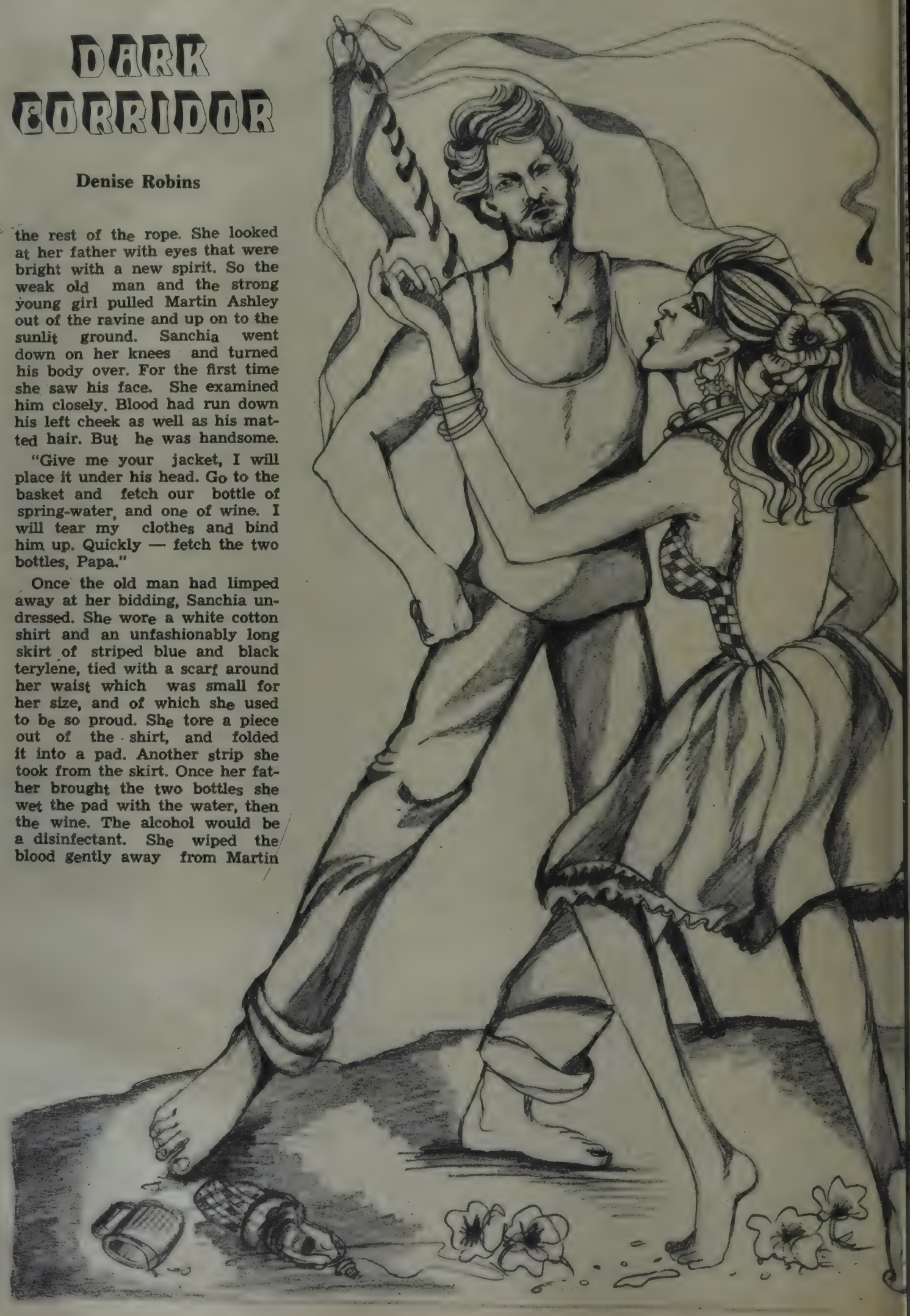
"Give me your jacket, I will place it under his head. Go to the basket and fetch our bottle of spring-water, and one of wine. I will tear my clothes and bind him up. Quickly — fetch the two bottles, Papa."

Once the old man had limped away at her bidding, Sanchia undressed. She wore a white cotton shirt and an unfashionably long skirt of striped blue and black terylene, tied with a scarf around her waist which was small for her size, and of which she used to be so proud. She tore a piece out of the shirt, and folded it into a pad. Another strip she took from the skirt. Once her father brought the two bottles she wet the pad with the water, then the wine. The alcohol would be a disinfectant. She wiped the blood gently away from Martin Ashley's face. He was still unconscious but his pulse was not bad. She continued to press the cold wet pad firmely against the jagged cut on the left side of his head.

Finally he opened his eyes. Just for one moment she could see that they were grey. His lashes were dark and luxuriant. But he made no effort to speak — only gave a little groan, then his eyelids shut again.

"We have saved his life. But he is not yet conscious," she said.

The old man smiled and crossed himself. "We must give thanks to God and His Holy Mother." "Listen, Chia," he continued, "we must get the Senhor to a hospital. He is of gentle birth and a foreigner. It can be seen." Sanchia put on the expression that her father sometimes dreaded. The lips thinned and



enly fierce.

"No, we will not take him to hospital. We will carry him to our home."

"Are you mad?" gasped the old man. "He may die. Besides, we have no room for him."

"You are set on thoughts of death," she said impatiently. "Please remember that I know something about these things. His pulse is not bad and the bleeding had almost stopped before I put on the pad I wish to take him home. We will make room even if I have to give him my own bed." "But, my daughter, for what reason?" "I have nothing to live for. My life is ruined, like my face. I wish to be of use once more and to have a motive for living. This young man shall be my motive — if only for a little while. I shall nurse him and care for him. You will see he will recover consciousness and be grateful to me. It will bring me le **bonheur.** That would be a change."

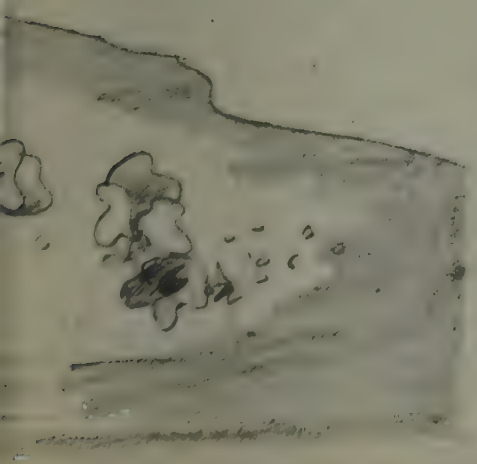
"How will we get him home?' he mumbled. "We will place him in the basket. We can carry it with two poles as our men carry their passengers in the hammocks down in Funchal.

"I have no husband, no child, I am bored and wretched! I wish to nurse him. We need say nothing to anybody but keep him hidden until he is well. Stop making objections, Papa!"

The old man shook his head. Chia was truly crazy at times, he decided, but he carried out her instructions. Slowly and laboriously they lifted the poles, balancing the long narrow basket in which they had placed the young man.

Home at last, panting, relieved, Jose saw the little stone house with its wooden doors and window-frames, half covered by the wild, brilliant cerise bougainvillaea which grew out here so plentifully. On the whole it was a poor place, with no modern plumbing and only outdoor sanitation. They relied on their own well for drinking water. The chickens ran around a small wired-in yard and laid their eggs in a wooden shelter Jose had put roughly together.

Sanchia milked the goats and fed the chickens daily and made cheese as well. She also baked the bread. They could scarcely afford meat.



Eve's Weekly, July 23 — 29, 1977

Sanchia wished to avoid being seen carrying the wounded senhor to this place, she knew she need have no fears. Seldom, if ever, did callers come.

At first, after her accident, which had so completely ruined one side of her face, friends had offered their sympathy, but she so often rejected them and showed such open dislike, her neighbours eventually avoided her.

Love starved because of her lost beauty, Sanchia hopes to find in this handsome and young Englishman a captive lover who will fill her empty heart and give her a purpose to live for

"Let us carry him in and lift him straight on to my bed," she said.

"Your bed! Mon Dieu! Where do you think you will sleep my girl?"

"There is the old camp bed that I used as a child," she said impatiently. "It is in the hut. It only needs cleaning, and one leg has to be mended. It will take you only a few minutes. I can put it in the kitchen at nights."

"Crazy! Crazy!" the old man muttered, but once more did his daughter's bidding. Now they lifted the young man out of the basket. Sanchia took the heaviest part of the burden, cradling his head against her breast. It gave her an almost frightening thrill to feel that beautiful fair head against her flesh. She was like a woman exalted — in love again — determined not to part with this God-given man. He was a treasure she alone had found. Nobody should take him from her. Now she flung more orders at her father.

"Light the stove, Papa. Boil some water. I must wash him. Clean him up so that there will be no infection."

When the old man again objected to all the trouble they were taking over a stranger, she turned on him fiercely.

"I've already told you. It will make me happy. Do not question me."

For once Jose continued to argue. "But, my child, he himself, may not be pleased once he recovers — if he does! You are taking a risk. It may land us both in deep trouble."

She hissed at him, "Only if you make trouble. For God's sake stop nagging."

The old man stopped arguing. He got the old-fashioned stove alight, but worried about Sanchia and her odd conduct. Meanwhile, Sanchia faithfully carried out the sanitary methods her former training as a nurse had taught her. She washed and scrubbed her hands and put on a clean blouse. Once the water was boiled she was quite the efficient trainee-nurse again. There was nothing more to fear now unless there was internal haemorrhage and she was sure that if there had been, he would be dead by now. He was, however, too cold, even on a hot day like this. She found the stone hot-water bottle and put it at his feet. Beautiful feet, she thought. She had admired them when she drew off the socks.

"Open your eyes, **pour l'amour de Dieu,** open your eyes and show me that you alive," she begged him. But his eyes remained shut. Only his slightly irregular breathing told her that he was still alive. He remained unconscious, but as long as he breathed she was not too concerned. There was now even a tinge of colour in his cheeks. She no longer felt him to be anyone near to death.

Hastily she went out to the yard, caught a luckless chicken, wrung its neck and plucked it. She stewed it, made soup with the bones and chopped up the breast and wings. She felt sure her invalid would need good nourishment soon. She sent the old man to the wine shop to get another bottle of wine and a small flask of cognac. When he complained it was mad extravagance, she shut him up. So he made his way into the village, pleased that at least he could have a glass of wine with his friends.

For three days and three nights Martin Ashley lay in a world of darkness and shadow, watched over by Sanchia. Then one evening her father returned from the wine shop to tell her that police notices had been posted up in Quintra and — so rumour had it—all over Funchal—up here in the mountain villages as well. They stated that an Englishman named Martin Ashley staying at Reid's Hotel had been reported missing.

"You must see what a dangerous thing you have done, Chia," he said.

"Oh, Papa, stop behaving as though we have committed a crime!" she shouted. He dared to answer her back. "Maybe the police would think that what we have done is a crime, **mon pauvre enfant.**" then added in Portuguese, "It's all been madness, a madness, I tell you."

It was certainly he. And his name was Martin Ashley. She repeated the word Martin aloud several times as though she liked it. Martin Ashley had recovered consciousness at last. In a flash she was at his side. His eyes were wide open. He looked dazed. She wondered whether he really saw her. Then he said, "Hello!"

She echoed the English word, "Hello," a feeling of elation surging through her. He was really and truly alive. "Hello!" she repeated.

"Where am I? I don't . . . understand. . ."

"You are better, **grace a Dieu.** Oh, how happy I am!"

He frowned. It was obvious that he felt unsure of himself and unable to co-ordinate his thoughts.

The dark lashes she admired so much drooped, then lifted. He looked up again.

"Why do you speak in French?" he asked in a puzzled voice. He continued, "Where am I? Am I in France? My God, I can't think straight. Tell me who I am, where I am. My brain is so foggy. I don't seem to know anything. Nor do I recognise you. Why does my head hurt? Why am I in bed? Who are you?"

She breathed quickly. She told him that his name was Jean (she had made that up quickly) and that he lived here in this house — had done so for a long time and that they were lovers.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked him and kissed the hand she was holding. "I am Sanchia. You call me 'Chia'. We love each other. You have asked me to marry you!"

Martin Ashley lay still, staring at her. His thoughts remained nebulous, but he felt a sudden inner void and forgetting to ask more questions, whispered in English, "God! I'm hungry!"

She kissed his hand again and dropped it. "Speak in French, cheri. We speak French together. Don't you remember?

"How beautiful you are!" he muttered. She was carefully hiding her hideously injured left cheek from him. She was filled with a terrible joy. After these two years of isolation from all men and all love, how wonderful to hear this glorious young man call her beautiful.

When he repeated in French that he was hungry, she rushed to the kitchen, brought him food, and fed him.

What if he woke up remembering? she suddenly asked herself and went cold. What if the amnesia was only temporary? So much depended on the extent of the damage to his brain. While he was in that deep sleep, she had changed his dressing. She could see that there had been no more bleeding. "Your life belongs to me," she said to herself. "You are mine **mon tres cher.** I shall do everything to keep you with me."

Another week passed but Martin Ashley's mind remained a blank. Each morning, Sanchia rushed to her patient's side with the cup of tea that she knew most English people enjoyed. She was wildly relieved every-time they spoke to find that he still remembered nothing. She had prepared herself to answer

the many questions that he put to her.

"I feel strong enough to g t up today," he said one day. "The ankle that I twisted when I fell is much better. I would like to take some exercise. Will you help me dress?" But her answer was, "No, not yet. You must not leave this room. I will explain later, but first you must be really well and feel better able to understand and accept what I tell you."

He was too weak to oppose her.

"Why did I come to live here originally with you and Jose?" he asked Sanchia one morning.

In her feverish imagination she had decided what answer to make and came out with it readily. "Before your accident, you arrived in Madeira, penniless, wanted by the police for robbery with murder. My father met you one day in Funchal and offered you bed and food in return for your help. He does many jobs — mainly thatching, a little carpentry, or weaving of baskets and so on. He is growing old and he needed an assistant."

Martin's brows met in a puzzled frown. "Can I do these things — weaving, thatching?" he asked in a halting whisper.

"Yes, yes, of course."

Another week passed. At the end of this time Martin was much better. He told Sanchia that he would dress and start using his legs again. She warned him that for a time he must not leave the cottage, nor speak to a soul.

Now and again, especially when he was half asleep, half awake, vague phantoms of that lost memory haunted Martin. On one occasion he seemed to see a girl's face. But it wasn't Sanchia's. In another dream he saw a room — a high, long room and on either side tall cases filled with books. Why books? What had they to do with his past life? he wondered. What had he been before he became a fugitive?

As each day passed, Martin's irritability increased. He became less sympathetic with the girl he called Chia despite his deep gratitude to her. But he forbade her to go on kissing his hand and sacrificing herself for him.

"I am grateful to you. You have done so much for me. But all this," he waved an arm around, "is beginning to feel like prison to me. I can't continue like this for ever. I must find out more about myself."

He said all this in English, then repeated it in French.

At the end of the month Jose received an invitation from a cousin of his late wife's to the wedding of her daughter, Martita. "It is little Martita — you remember when your mother was alive, you used to visit each other? Martita was younger than you but you were fond of her."

"No, I refuse to go, Papa. You know how I feel."

"But I would like to go," said Martin, and was obstinate about it. He was sick of this narrow, boring life. The idea of a visit to Jose's cousins and a wedding, interested him. Sanchia turned on him. "So! You want to be recognised and arrested!" And now into her tormented brain there crept a doubt as to her own decision. She began to think of the wedding and what it might mean if he went without her.

"Very well, I will go with you." Martin's spirits rose. He held out a hand to her.

"Bravo! Let us all go and celebrate, without fear of the police. Nobody can recognise me now the way you have darkened my hair and my beard."

The three of them journeyed to the wedding of Martita on a day of brilliant sunshine and deep blue skies. The tiny village where Martita and her parents lived was **en fete** — crowded with relations and guests. As Jose had anticipated, his late wife's relatives did things well. Martita's father was in the wine trade and not as old and poor as Jose. Martin enjoyed the whole affair. Flushed with wine, he swung Sanchia into the crowd and found her supple and graceful in his arms. He followed her steps and held her as close as she wanted and told her that she was a wonderful partner. She kept whispering Jean's name — the name she had given him.

"Jean, Jean, Jean!"

But she could see — she could sense — that Martin's gaiety and willingness to hold her was all on the surface. There came a moment during the dancing when Martin himself had the queerest feeling that he was with someone else—somewhere else. Long, long ago, it seemed, he had danced with a fair, beautiful girl with thick, tawny hair. He had dreamed about her. Yes, it was that same girl who had haunted his dreams while he was laid up. What was it all about? If only he could remember her name, other memories might follow. Then he became aware that he was holding Chia. It was into her magnificent dark brown eyes that he was looking while they danced. He felt a sudden queer faintness. He let go of his partner and staggered. "The sun is too much for me," he muttered. "I must sit down."

"Oh, Jean, what is it?"

He put a hand to his forehead. "Nothing, only the sun," he repeated. "It's very hot and I've drunk a lot of wine."

The music was loud and there was laughter and singing. The festivities would go on till late tonight. They decided to leave. They passed a shepherd boy who stared at Martin too inquisitively for Sanchia's liking.

To be continued

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LEARN MINOR REPAIRS AT HOME

An economical, do-it-yourself approach

A house cannot be attractive unless all the articles and equipment are arranged in an attractive way. If the housewife has all modern appliances and decorative things but not in a good and working condition, then they do not have any utility. A house can be satisfying only if all its equipments are in good repair.

Besides avoiding inconvenience, repairing gadgets at home is so economical. In these expensive days it is a waste of money to go to the mechanic for minor repairs. Although some repairs need experts, many can be made by the housewife at home.

Suppose a fuse blows out suddenly, or a drain is stopped, then what will the housewife do? Her husband may not be available every time at home. And to call an electrician or a plumber every time will be so expensive. If the housewife knows some common repairs she can save a lot of money and also much irritation.

As prevention is better than cure the housewife would be wise to check up her equipment and thus save the larger bills for repairs. The repairing that can be done at home are:

1. Repair of fuse and plugs
2. Repair of the oil stove pump
3. Clear stopped drain
4. Repair a leaky faucet.

Really, it is surprising how many repairs a housewife can make. Before going to the repairing part it is necessary for her to know the necessary tools required for repairing. These are: Hammer, pliers or sandsi, small screw-driver, medium screw-driver, some nails and screws, knife, napkin and wrench.

HOW TO REPAIR A LEAKY FAUCET:

A leaky faucet wastes many gallons of water a day if not repaired. This is a common problem in every house.

First of all, be sure that the water is turned off at the cut-off valve. The cut-off valve ma be in the basement. To preven damage by the tools to the fau cet place a cloth over the cap nut below the handle and rem ove the cap-nut with a wrench Turn the handle and lift out the inside mechanism with the help of the screw-driver. Remove the screw and washer. Replace th old washer with a new one and if the screw threads are worn out, replace that also with a new one. Reassemble the parts, tighten the cap and turn the water on.

HOW TO CLEAR A STOPPED UP DRAIN:

This problem also occurs in every house. Housewives often do not remove bits and pieces from vessels they clean in the sink and these get stuck there. Hair often finds its way into the drains. All these cause the water to accumulate in sinks and bathrooms. This is not only inconvenient and dirty, but is also a threat to health. Thus the first duty of a housewife is not to throw any garbage or hair in sinks and bathrooms. If by chance it has happened, then remove them with some thin wire or string. If a suction plunger is available then hold this over the drain and pump the plunger up and down until water flows through the drain. Cycle pumps can also work to relieve the stopped drain. Flush the drain with a solution of phenyl. Cover it with a wire net so that the dirt will not go inside the drain. Check and clean the drain once a week.

HOW TO REPAIR OIL PUMP STOVE:

Sometimes the stove does not work properly. To set it right, first of all take the pump of the stove out. Remove the screw and take out the washer. Replace the washer with a new one. The rubber which is found in the ink bottle cap can also be used as a a washer. After replacing the washer tighten the screw and fit the pump into place.

REPAIR OF FUSES AND PLUGS:

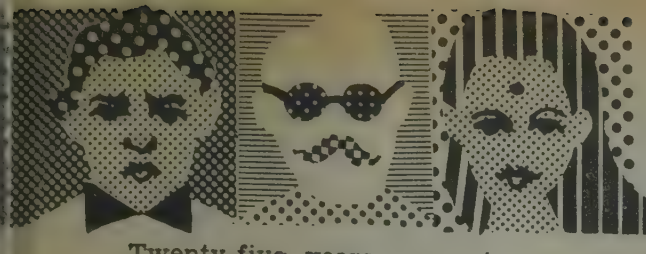
Whenever a fuse burns out, the first duty of a housewife is to turn off the main switch to prevent shock. Afterwards take out the burnt fuse, select a new fuse and replace the old one. Then switch on the main switch.

REWIRING THE PLUG:

While rewiring a plug first of all switch off the main switch. Loosen the screws, and pull out the wire. Cut off the frayed end, scrape the insulation. Insert the wire ends into the plug, taking care that no loose ends are showing, and tighten the screws. Then put the plug into the socket.

Every housewife should know these minor repairs to save herself serious inconvenience and also needless expenditure.

Asha Singhal

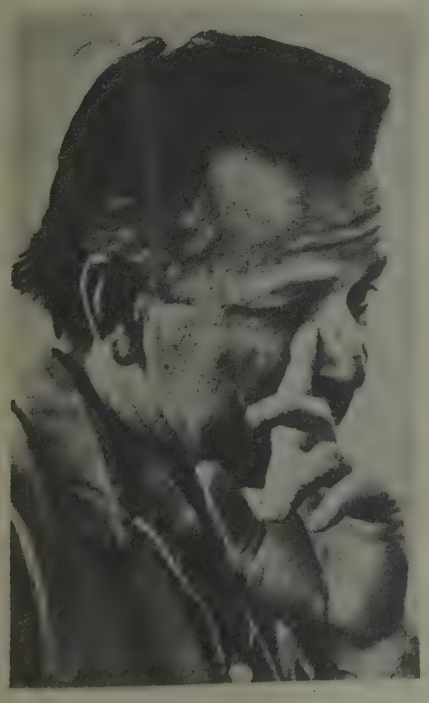


people known

Twenty-five years seems to be a young age for a man to become a politician. **Mr. Rama Shankar Singh** of Lahar constituency in the Bhind District of Gwalior does not think so. Mr. Rama Shankar Singh is 25 years and 2 months old. He is also a member of the newly elected Madhya Pradesh Vidhan Sabha. Definitely its youngest member, and perhaps one of the youngest M.L.A.s in India. Who said the Indian political scene was lacking in young blood?

• • •

The spectacular and controversial escape of **James Earl Ray** from a high security prison gave him exactly three days of freedom. And uncertain, harassed freedom at that. Ray, the murderer of Martin Luther King Jr., escaped almost magically on Friday June 11 along with some other prisoners. A mammoth man hunt was organized covering a radius of 40 kms. from the prison. But Ray never got that far. He was spotted by residents of a village about 13 kms. from the prison and they reported to the police that some strangers were seen loitering around the area. Police swooped down almost immediately, and Ray and two other prisoners were captured. Ray gave in without a struggle. Perhaps he realized life inside a prison was cushier than life in hiding among the



rugged mountains and among people who were hostile to him because of his status as an escaped convict. Not that he will have an easy time now. His escape has earned for him a bout in the disciplinary wing of the jail, plus loads of extra-careful surveillance!

• • •

It is quite normal for a couple to be blessed with a child ten months after their wedding — but the reverse was what happened for **Muhammad Ali**. The world heavy-

weight boxing champion donned a white tie and white tails on June 19th to get married for the third time. His newest wife is 21-year-old model Veronica Porche who is the mother of Ali's youngest child, a 10-month-old girl. Veronica has been Ali's girl friend for the past three years, and Ali sure took his own time deciding to marry her. In fact, it seemed as if even on his wedding day, Ali was entertaining second thoughts. In spite of staying in the same hotel in which the wedding ceremony was performed, Ali arrived 27 minutes after the announced starting time — a nerve-wracking wait for any bride. The wedding itself lasted only 15 minutes — not even half as long as one of Ali's more famous rounds in the ring!

• • •

Mr. H. N. Jagwani, a producer-director of Bombay, who has made an educational sex film, "Stree Purush", is on an indefinite hunger strike outside Parliament House since June 15. He has demanded the release of his film, which has been banned permanently. According to Mr. Jagwani, the ban is unfair and was imposed by Mr. V. C. Shukla following his defeat in the recent Lok Sabha elections. Mr. Shukla was obviously reacting to the fact that some producers had actively campaigned against him in the Lok Sabha Poll, but Mr. Jagwani maintains that he himself was unfairly victimized. Specially as the film in question was cleared by the censors on August 13, 1975. Perhaps the date of clearance has something to do with the sad history of the film. Mr. Jagwani might be one of those for whom 13 is very very unlucky!

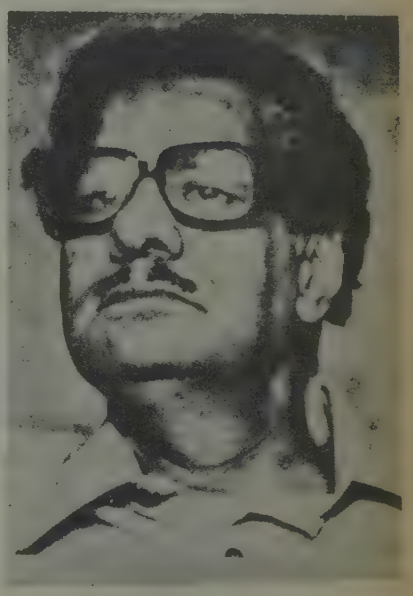
• • •

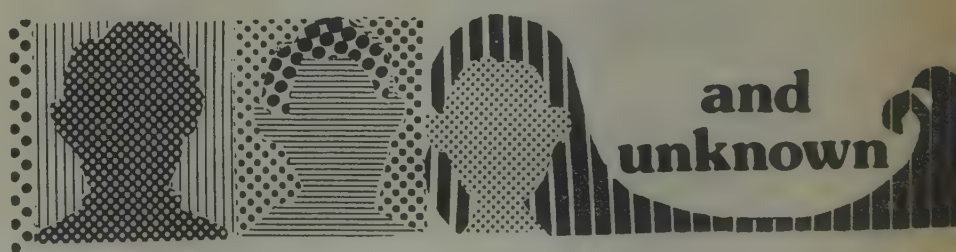
Mr. P. M. H. Fonseka of Varuna Printers, Sri Lanka, has a tough time ahead. A case for defamation claiming Rs. 300,000 in damages has been filed against him. And, not only is the sum a formidable one, but the claimant too is a formidable adversary to have, being none other than the Prime Minister of Sri Lanka, **Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike** herself. Mrs. Bandaranaike has taken umbrage at the contents of a booklet entitled "The Curse of Seven Years" allegedly published by Mr. Fonseka. The booklet, Mrs. Bandaranaike claims, has damaged her reputation both politically and personally. For this, she will be avenged, she has decided.

• • •

Riding on the crest of popularity is veteran journalist and writer **Kuldip Nayar**. Known for his keen news sense and fearlessness, Mr. Nayar was quite a hero among the freedom loving even during the Emergency. And now, Mr. Nayar's latest book, "The Judgement", has vaulted him to new heights of popularity. The book, which gives a frank and detailed account of the Maruti scandal, the Turkman Gate tragedy, and other aspects of life during the Emergency, has created publishing history. It has already gone into its twelfth edition, eleven editions having been sold out even before its publication!

With the publication of "The Judgement", Indian readers have raised Mr. Kuldip Nayar to the status of a best-selling writer. And this judgement has been almost unanimous.





Ninety years is an age when most people stop being self-willed, and become only too dependent on little acts of kindnesses shown to them by others. But an old blind woman in Madras proved this concept wrong. She was not only determined to cast her vote on voting day, in spite of the non-stop rain that poured over Madras city, but she was equally determined to be fair and uninfluenced in her voting. Thus, when a contestant offered her the use of a cycle-rickshaw to carry her to the polling booth, the woman turned down his offer saying, "I do not want to be influenced by any means in exercising my democratic right." A granddaughter assisted her to the booth, where the woman cast her vote. A valuable vote, indeed.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

MAITREYI DEVI—

DISTINGUISHED WRITER

Her book "Na Hanyate" raised many eyebrows, but it won wide critical acclaim, too

Out of the 35 recipients of the Padma Shri this year, eight were women and of these one was writer Maitreyi Devi. She also received the Sahitya Academy Award in 1976 for her novel "Na Hanyate" ("It does not die".) Maitreyi Devi was born on September 1, 1914, and received her education from Rabindranath Tagore, and this novel is her guru dakshina to the great Guru. A poet and writer of repute, an authority on Tagore, a founder of the Council for Promotion of Communal Harmony, Maitreyi Devi has made several lecture tours to Europe, the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A. and China. She edits a journal dedicated to the promotion of peace and communal harmony.

Recently in Delhi, the Sahitya Academy held a literary discussion at the Rabindra Bhavan where Dr. Anima Bose read a paper on "Na Hanyate". Dr. Anima Bose is a much travelled woman, a distinguished writer and lecturer, an authority on Gandhism and is reputed to be an organiser of intellectual women for purposeful activities via the University Women's Association.

The novel "Na Hanyate" deals with a young girl Amrita and a Rumanian scholar Mercea. Mercea comes to Calcutta as a student and is a paying guest of the heroine's father. The two fall in love and when discovered, Mercea is asked to leave. Before returning home to become an orientalist Mercea becomes a sadhu for a while. The heroine marries a Bengali scientist and leads a happy life.

When she is sixty, she has this philosophical dialogue with her former lover. At the end of the novel the hero quotes from the Gita — "Na Hanyate Hanyamane Saring (He is not slain when the body is slain). This he says when the heroine informs him that she has not come to see his empirical self but his inner essence which weapons cannot pierce, fire cannot burn.

Dr. Anima Bose said, "This novel, that started quite a controversy in Bengal and raised many eyebrows, is an eye-opener. It discloses very lucidly how double standards were maintained and practised in the early 20th century in Bengal. The story is based on the writer's personal experience, which she decided to recreate after a lapse of forty-two years. It is an analysis of her feelings, her experience of reversability of time. It is also a reply to a book titled 'Moitre-Nights of Bengal' by the Rumanian Indologist, Mircea. There are thumbnail sketches of the then Bengal, of the total isolation of men from women. Very rarely were open talks held. The timid, idealistic women pictured in this novel of the 1930s evoke pity. Therefore, Amrita, the heroine, says, 'It is better to run away."

"Maitreyi Devi has no inhibitions, has love for all, despises discrimination. She emerges as a humane, sensitive writer, she looks at her characters objectively, does not turn them into Gods. In a simple lyrical language, she has blended Tagore's verses beautifully into her own writing. 'Na Hanyate' is an expression of the agony and joy she has gone through — an inspired piece of writing — factual, philosophical."

Dr. Anima Bose

Continuing her talk Anima asked, "Why were the two young ones allowed to come together, or why was a foreigner kept as a paying guest? Was it just as a status symbol? Were the parents unaware of the two getting emotionally involved?"

Maitreyi Devi whom I met a day later in Delhi, said, "It is irrelevant to ask whether the novel is autobiographical. The main question is : does my novel create an impact on you as a reader? Read it and then talk about it."

Some feel that the novel, first of all tramples, then pulverises and later stirs and vanquishes the reader. Others say, "It is dramatic, it is violent, it is bizzare at times, but at all times, the story remains plausible, readable and sustains the pace."

I asked the grand old lady how her husband and children had reacted to this disclosure at this stage of their life. She smiled calmly, serenely, entirely at peace with herself and the world. "My family understands and appreciates me. The readers look at my work dispassionately. It is the petty, narrow minded relatives who kicked up a big furore. But like all baseless furores this one is already dead. I have created a union between my readers and myself. This is my mukti. I am released from the birth pangs of writing to create something."

Perhaps one will have to submit to the opinion of Antoine, "It would be futile to classify Maitreyi Devi's novel under any acceptable category. One might call it a message. She emerges as a writer of exceptional talent. 'Na Hanyate', written with such grace, demands attention."

Saroj Vasishth

BOOK REVIEW

Keeping in mind a child's ability, interest, educational needs and a sense of "vital realism" (as opposed to an "oppressive sense of reality"), the Thompson Press (India) Ltd. has published sets of children's books which could make valuable gifts. Attractively bound, with a high standard of printing, they are, at the same time, reasonably priced. A set of eight colourfully printed books entitled **"Education is Fun"** costs Rs. 10.50 p, while **"Bachoo Paint Books"** cost only Re. 1 each.

"Education is Fun" is meant to introduce some fundamental concepts of life to the pre-school child. This sounds rather ambitious, but the publishers have succeeded fairly well in doing so by projecting these concepts through objects with which little children are familiar. For instance, in the "Book of Opposites", "empty" and "full" are explained by two pictures. One shows a tub containing nothing, and another, full of fruit.

The **"Book of Shapes"** has also been imaginatively planned. After introducing through bold, colourful diagrams basic geometrical shapes like the circle, the square, the rectangle and the triangle, the child is asked to discover these shapes in more complicated pictures. This book could be fun and a source of interest to even a seven-year-old child.

The **"Book of Colours"** however, is faulty and misleading. The peacock has more purple than blue in it, though it is supposed to show the latter. The supposedly "purple" pansies are pink instead of purple. The sunflowers too are painted orange, though the background is yellow (which is hardly very helpful). It makes one wonder how the mother or the teacher is expected to explain these incongruities to a child who is curious and wants an explanation for everything!

Apart from the "Book of Colours" the set is fairly reliable and should serve a purposeful function in keeping three and four-year-olds engrossed for several hours.

The "Bachoo Paint Books" also educate and entertain at the same time. The "Level 3" set includes "Flight", "Trains", "Ships and Boats", "Under the Sea", "Insects" and "Butterflies". All of them are extremely informative. The pictures in "Flight", for instance, are arranged to trace the development of the aeroplane from man's first attempt at flying (with the help of wings) to the present day Boeing 747. "Trains" also includes a variety of models of both the primitive and the highly developed types. "Ships" covers a comprehensive range of seacraft.

The objects in these paint books have accurate outlines in order to teach correctly, but they are not as simple as the publishers claim they are. Agreed, they have three sets of paint books, graded in a complexity and the one mentioned above is of the third level. Still it is to be doubted if a seven-year-old child (for whom this set is intended would be proficient enough to paint the pictures of this level. They are more suitable for ten-year-olds.

On the whole, the Thompson Press publications should be popular with the children because they are exciting and make the children exert their minds, which is what they love doing. There is, however, scope for improvement in the books where a concern for artistic presentation causes some pictures to be too far removed from natural life. In trying to avoid an "oppressive sense of reality" the publishers have, in certain cases, overreached themselves. This could confuse an unguided child and the errors should therefore be rectified in future editions.

Alpana Chowdhury

FASCINATING WALL DECORATIONS

Your leisure hours can be well utilised to turn out lovely as well as practical items for the house, or to solve your gift problems. These wall decorations take on a new look with effective use of felt paper in vibrant colours. These are the creations of Jay Dalal, a Bombay housewife. Her work is a fine example of how ordinary and inexpensive materials, within the reach of everybody, can be converted into objects of beauty and utility.

You too can make these, using a little imagination and patience. The materials required are black crepe for the background, cardboard, felt paper, beads and sequins in different colours, thin gold cord, an adhesive and a pair of scissors.

Stretch the fabric on the cardboard and paste it securing the edges with the adhesive. Trace on this any design you fancy. Then cut out the various shapes you require, according to your design, from the felt paper. Stick these in position and let dry. To make your design more attractive, use beads and sequins — fix them in place with the adhesive. Here the bulls, the chariot and the costumes are decorated. Finally paste the cord neatly in place to outline the design. Here the face, features, hands and legs of the figures are outlined with the cord.

The first signs that you are starting gum troubles

Deposits at the base of your teeth: that's tartar which irritates your gums, causing inflammation and swelling.

Receding gums: if gum recession is not checked, teeth may loosen and even fall out for lack of a firm foundation.

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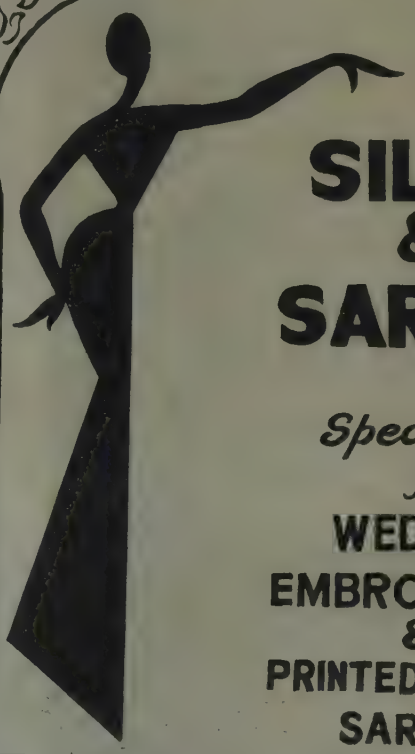

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youth page

RAJA SEN WRITES...

Raja, a 8-year-old spastic who is studying in class II at the Centre for Special Education in Calcutta, has been writing stories/articles "for other children to read."

MY SCHOOL

In school there is one class for Anju and Mani, one for little children and one for big children. There are nine teachers, three or four physiotherapists and one speech therapist.

School starts at 9 a.m. and finishes at 1 p.m. We have our prayers in the morning. I am writing that prayer :

"Thank you for the world so sweet
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you God for everything."

Then Sudha aunty calls out our names — Bob, Amla and so on. Then each class has News and after classes we have tiffin. At 1 p.m. we go home.

I like school because I like my friends. My best friend is Jeeja. Jeeja called me a "bad cow."

Physiotherapy:

The children cannot walk without support. We have a time-table for physiotherapy. Tessa Aunty is going to give us shoes this week.

The physiotherapist makes me sit on the drum. "Why?" I ask. "For your balance," I am told.

The physiotherapists help the parents because they teach them how to do physiotherapy at home.

The speech therapist teaches speech therapy to the children. I learn to keep my mouth dry and to sit up straight and to blow the whistle.

RAJA INTERVIEWS HIS PRINCIPAL. MRS. SUDHA KAUL

Raja : How many children are there in in this school?

Mrs. K : 24 children.

R. : When was the Spastics' Society started?

S.K. : We started on 18th November, 1974.

R. : When will a spastic walk?

S.K. : It depends on each individual child.

R. : What will they do when their parents die?

S.K. : The Spastics' Society is planning to start a trust Fund for the welfare of the spastics.

R. : Can they give exams?

S.K. : That again depends upon the child's handicap.

R. : But you have written that in the school magazine (this is in reference to the Principal's report in the School magazine).

S.K. : Yes, but it still depends upon the individual child.

R. : What do you do with the shop money?

S.K. : Please ask Vikram the shop-keeper.

R. : Why are spastics born?

S.K. : I cannot answer that question.

R. : I know, because the doctor and nurse are naughty.

S.K. : No, that is not the case, sometimes the doctor cannot help the child.

R. : If spastics can't walk how will they be able to work in an office?

S.K. : Yes, they will not be able to work in a normal office, but the Spastics' Society is planning to start a sheltered workshop for severely handicapped spastics. As you can see, Partho is working in our school.

R. : Why is Vikram not working?

S.K. : Vikram is being taught simple accounts. After that he will be able to work in the office.

A BUDDING BEAUTICIAN

Beauty lies not only in the eyes of the beholder but also in the hands of the beautician. One such person intent on enhancing beauty in women is young Punam Handa.

She did a two-year diploma course at the New Delhi Polytechnic where she underwent intensive training in all aspects of beauty. The course ranged from yoga to hairdressing and included diet, beauty culture, physical training, massage, skin care — everything associated with the art of beauty care.

For the past year Punam has been working at Sudha's Beauty Parlour in Calcutta. "I have a wonderful guide and mentor in Miss Bibra. I feel one learns much more from practical experience than just from theoretical know-how."

Punam hopes eventually to set up her own beauty parlour, but before she settles down to this profession she would like to see the world. To fulfil this ambition she wants to become an air hostess.

HOOKED ON BANANAS!

Photograph : Shobha Mane

Little Lucky of Punjab has one idiosyncrasy. As an appetiser or a dessert — before or after a meal — he gobbles ten bananas !

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

IS HERBERT BACK FROM THE GAME YET?
NO-AND I DREAD FACING HIM! HIS TEAM LOST, YOU KNOW-
HE'LL BE IN TEARS!
BUT IT'S JUST A GAME-
NOT TO HIM... THAT TEAM IS HIS WHOLE LIFE!
WHEN THEY LOSE HE DIES A THOUSAND DEATHS!
HE'LL NEVER GROW UP!
WE WON! WE WON!
10-10
BUT I THOUGHT THEY LOST 17-13...
SURE-BUT I HAD SEVEN POINTS!
I WON! I WON!
I WAS WRONG-HE'S GROWN UP-
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1970. World rights reserved.

When the bank failed one old coloured gentleman was rather hard hit, for the bank closed its doors with every penny he had in the world.

"Cheer up, Sam," said a friend. "You may get your money back. Probably the suspension of the bank's activities is only temporary."

"Lord, man, I hope yo' is right," said Sam fervently. "But doggone, you know I hear folks all de time singing it's a long, long way to temporary."

* * *

It was a London bus and two "smart" young things were talking at the top of their voices in an affected jargon.

At last the conductor could stand it no longer. As the bus neared a stopping place, he called out in a high-pitched voice, "Darlings, here's too too sweet Smith Street."

After that silence reigned.

* * *

"How did you get that black eye, Mrs. Higgins?"

"Well, sir, me 'usband came out of prison on his birthday."

"Yes."

"And I wished him many happy returns."

* * *

The Scoth are a very inventive race. They have found a new use for wornout razor blades — they shave with them.

* * *

Among the makers of one-piece bathing suits, the thigh's the limit.

* * *

Knott and Shott fought a duel. The result was that they changed conditions. Knott was shot and Shott was not. It was better to be Shott than Knott.

* * *

"Will you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs. Jones maiden name was?"

"Why her maiden aim was to get married, of course," exclaimed the lady.

* * *

"Is she Hungary?" Jimmy asked.

"Alaska," said Johnny.

"Yes, Siam," she replied.

"All right, I'll Fiji," Jimmy offered.

"Oh, don't Russia," Johnny admonished.

"Give her a Canada Chile," Johnny suggested.

"I'd rather have Turkey," she said. "Except that I'm not allowed Greece."

When the waiter brought the check, Johnny asked Jimmy, "I say, look and see how much has Egypt you."

* * *

Samson had the right idea about advertising. He took two columns and brought down the house.

* * *

A young woman once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they began to quarrel, and she attempted to return to her father's house, but he refused to receive her saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shall return."

* * *

Yesterday we heard positively the last one about our friend, the absent-minded professor. He slammed his wife and kissed the door.

* * *

Mother: "Why did you strike your little sister?"

Young Bobby: "Well, we were playing Adam and Eve, and instead of tempting me with the apple, she ate it herself."

* * *

There once were three fellows from Garry

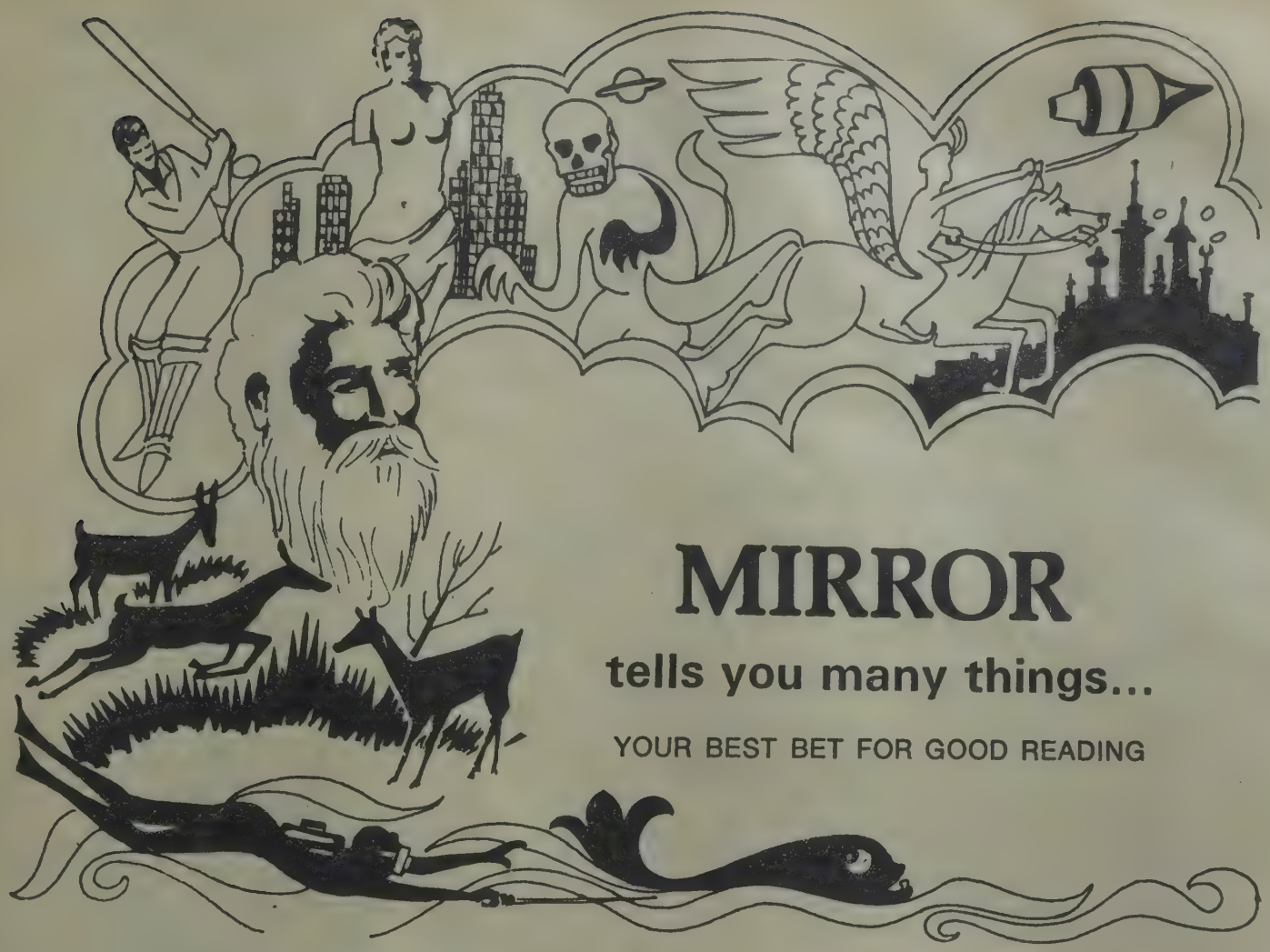
Named Larry and Harry and Barry;

Now Harry was bare

As an egg or a pear,

But Larry and Barry were hairy.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe



MIRROR

tells you many things...

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More than 70,000 copies SOLD EVERY MONTH

It weaves spells and transports you into the world of the unknown. It takes you back through the ages as a time machine would. It leaves you with wonder at the marvels of the earth, the inventiveness of man.

In the Mirror there are tales of forgotten valour, stories of heart-warming simplicity, of human kindliness at its best.

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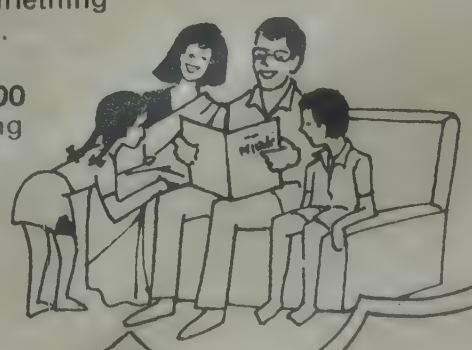
The Mirror also focuses attention on today's world. It brings us down to earth with deeply probing articles on youth, education and other subjects with social implications.

The appeal is universal. There's something of interest for each and every person. For you *and* your family.

And you get all this for only Rs. 2.00 Each issue gives you complete reading pleasure for one whole month.

Buy a copy today. You'll want to buy the next one too.



MIRROR

THE PEEPUL TREE

Vasantha Ravindran

He had ruined her —both physically and financially — until there was nothing left to call her own. But the peepul tree avenged her wrongs

One by one, thought Madhavi, she had lost the worthwhile things, things she'd valued sentimentally ever since she was a child. There was no indignation, nor self-pity as she thought of it, only calm detachment. When she had married Hari, this house had been the mansion of an heiress, shaded with all manner of fruit trees, furnished elaborately in teak and mahogany, draped in damask and satin, and she'd had an income which, if he'd only bothered to look after it, would have lasted them for generations. But it hadn't lasted.

For one thing she was grateful — there were no children. Only herself and Hari. The house now looked like a derelict ship on the point of disintegrating. It hadn't been whitewashed or painted for ages, great patches of mildew and moss clung to the outer walls. Windows now all a uniform grey, looked like gaping holes in the facade — and there were no trees either. Some had fallen during the monsoons, others — she sighed as she thought of it — others, Hari had sold for timber during his bad patches of luck at the gaming table.

She'd accepted him now for what he was. If only he'd done an honest day's work they wouldn't be where they were now. But that was asking for the impossible. After having run through what he himself had inherited he'd thrown away her fortune with both hands. Her relations were aghast. "How could he run through such vast amounts in such a short while? Does he drink it or eat it?" they asked.

She kept her counsel. She knew what he did. He gambled, he drank, and he did many more things — worse, more unsavoury.

There was an old mirror on the verandah. The kind with curlicued ivy leaves around it. In it Madhavi caught a glimpse of her face — small, pinched, unhappy, and her hair showed quite a lot of grey. "I'm only in my forties," she told the mirror. "I know I'm no spring chicken, but you make out like I'm more than sixty." She sighed, smoothed her hair, walked over to the steps.

She looked out. For some reason or the other the peepul tree caught her eye. Legends had grown around it. In her mind's eye she remembered herself as a child with her ayah Paru. Paru was a veritable treasury of stories of bygone days. She knew all the events that had occurred in her family, all about the spirits and demons — of good ones too that helped a man to come up.

"Lord Krishna," she had told the child, "lives in every peepul tree that has over ten thousand leaves." Madhavi had squinted overhead at the thick foliage.

"Do you think this tree has over ten thousand leaves, Paru?" she had asked eagerly.

"Yes, indeed," the woman had replied. "Surely it must have many more."

The peepul tree had to her mind become the abode of Lord Krishna — blue complexioned, dressed in finery — the royal cowherd with a flute upon his lips. During the monsoon she'd watched from the window anxiously noting the downward flutter of its falling leaves.

"Why do you watch that tree?" an aunt had asked.

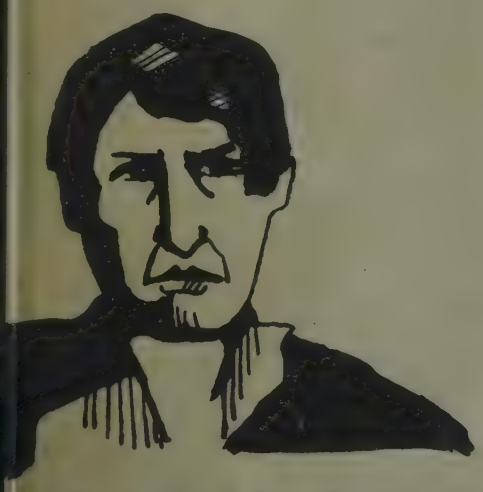
"I just like to watch," she had replied. She knew better than to repeat the tales Paru had told her. It only led to someone saying, "That woman really fills the mind of this child with the most fanciful rubbish. It is time, isn't it, that Madhavi went to school." She had watched the tree, fearful that even if there were only one less than ten thousand, the beautiful Lord Krishna would leave it.

Well, Paru was gone now. For years she had been her friend and guide — old, hunch-backed and rheumatic. But still she had managed her house, and ruled the other servants. For some reason Hari had been against her. He always referred to her as the witch or the hag. He said, "Tell her not to cross my path as I leave the house; the other day she did so and I lost quite a lot on the gaming table."

"She is all right," Madhavi had replied, thinking, "she has seen me through all the crises

left but her. I'll have her die here." But as she had grown older and feebler, Hari had become increasingly irritated. "Pack her off — the sick, ill tempered witch — give her some money." So Paru too, poor old woman, had been packed off to her distant relatives in the village as if she were a horse left to grass; and a few weeks later someone had sent word that she had died in her relative's house. Madhavi had wept bitterly when she heard of it. "The least I could have done," she had thought, "was to have kept her with me after a life time of service and devotion."

Shadows lengthened, she knew her husband would come very



late. A firefly flew by. She stared at it and again she thought of Paru.

"They say that most ancient houses have a serpent in their prayer room. The snake burrows a hole and guards the family treasure, and it blows and blows and creates a gem of radiant colours and it never leaves the gem alone, it carries it as it roams about after dusk," Paru had told her.

"Treasure? Where do they get the hoard of gold to sit upon?" she had asked.

"They select houses with a hoard of gold." had been the answer.

Well, now the myth had been debunked. Even if there had been such a snake, it would have shifted to more golden pastures long ago. One by one the illusions of her youth had fled.

Another thing that had grievously hurt her feelings had been the selling off of the bit of land where the ashes of her ancestors had lain to rest. They had been cremated on the beach but a handful of their mortal remains had been brought home and buried under a cairn of stones. Some had been there even when she was a child — moss encrusted, gray with age.

"This is your great grandmother, that is your grand uncle," Paru had identified one by one. Then there were plain mounds of earth too, some fairly fresh. "You remember Aunt Rukmini don't you?" Madhavi had. "She's here. . . they are all here to look after the interests of the future generations of this house."

The gravestones were no longer there. For that bit of land had faced the main road. Hari had, needing more money, sold it to a man who had built a row of shops there. Long ago she had given up the tactic of opposing him. It exhausted her now. She reserved her battles for the big issues. And this had been one. She had known of his decision only after the men had come to demolish the cairns. Seeing her white-lipped fury, Hari had made a concession of sorts — he'd called a poojari and with due ceremony, shifted the ashes to another spot. But this move hadn't fooled either of them. She'd never felt that the spirits of her ancestors lingered in their new abode under the mango tree. She still felt that they chafed under the new shops, by the commercial centre, so alien to their time and mood.

But there was very little that one could do with Hari. It was as if disaster lay in his blood; anything he touched seemed to lose its bloom, wither and die. "Look at me," she thought, bitterly, "a woman who had everything when I married him. I had everything — beauty, wealth, peace of mind. Now I am neither beautiful nor wealthy, not that I mind it so much, but I have no peace of mind either." She thought of the broad acres of paddy fields and orchards — all mortgaged to the hilt or sold, the shops and the houses in the Cantonment area sold too. She knew that there was nothing now she could call her own. She had seen the rot coming. "At least now, if you make a change in your living..." She had pleaded with him as they seemed to sink lower on the social scale. "At least now if you stop drinking ..." But he never had.

Instead, he'd acquired a bravado that went ill with his status. Chandeliers, gold ornaments, silver tableware, trinkets — one by one they went to the Seth's shop.

Now there was only one servant in the kitchen, the woman Cheeru, and a man for outdoor work, for marketing and attending to any odd jobs that Hari chose to give him. She heard the gate latch open, and her husband came. She caught her breath. It was barely seven and her husband never came early except for some compelling reason.

She stood up. "Well. . .?" she asked. "Well, what?" he queried. "I come home early and I have to give explanations, is it?"

She said nothing. She soon knew why he had come. A man followed him. He was a petty contractor who bought odds and ends from the house when Hari was in need of ready cash. What was going next? Madhavi wondered dully.

Instead of going in, they went out. She watched them dispiritedly. Her husband led the man all the way to the peepul tree. Under it he talked to the contractor and then he and the man turned to leave. As her husband turned to go, she spoke to him. "Don't tell me you're selling the tree."

"I've already sold it. The men come for it early tomorrow."

"Hari, spare the tree. I'll give you money. I have a little put away."

"No, chicken feed!"

"Hari — this tree — it is sacred."

"Everything is sacred in this house — remember? The north side where the ancestors' ashes lay — the chandeliers, the pooja room, I've desecrated everything and here I am, still hale and hearty."

"Hari, please listen..."

But he was already striding back to the gate. She went upstairs. She looked at her tree. It was true what Hari had said. He had desecrated and ruined everything and he was still around. She had no appetite and decided to go to bed, but for a long time she did not get sleep. Some days ago she had had a vision of someone lingering near the window. It was an upstairs window and the idea was patently absurd. But there had been the family astrologer, who came once in a way just to pay her a courtesy call for old times' sake.

To him she had spoken about it. He was not merely an astrologer, he was an exorcist and perhaps a psychologist as well. He had drawn diagrams and taken out cowrie shells and then he told her, "It was Paru's spirit."

"My Paru's spirit. But why does she come?"

"She grieves to see you unhappy."

There was no need for the astrologer to say anything more, but tonight of all nights she felt that Paru's spirit hovered about her — protective, solicitous.

She never knew what time her husband came in, but it was after she was asleep. The next morning she went down. She helped herself to a cup of coffee from the vessel kept on the kitchen ledge. The servant woman gave her a compassionate look and then avoided her eyes. She finished her coffee and the woman said, "The men have come."

She nodded and said, "Yes, I know — I knew of it yesterday." "I won't watch it," she thought. She went to a room at the far side of the house where only a faint noise of chopping and the shouts of men could be heard. She tried to read a book. She should have gone down for breakfast, but she knew that she wouldn't have the heart to eat anything. Presently she heard her husband's heavy steps go down the stairs.

Her thoughts were with the tree, the abode of the blue-limbed Lord Krishna. She could imagine in her mind's eye the tree shuddering with every blow, green leaves falling under the impact of the blows. Lord Krishna angrily taking up abode in some other peepul tree.

There was a knocking at the door. Had her husband come to gloat over her misery? Had he come to show her the tree, now laid low? She listened, hardly daring to breathe, hoping that if she didn't take notice, didn't respond, he'd go away. But the knocking continued and finally it dawned on her that there was a kind of urgency in the knock, perhaps a kind of desperation, too. She wiped her tears away, composed her face and opened the door. It was not her husband, it was the contractor. For once the exuberance and cockiness seemed to have been wiped off his face.

"Yes?" she asked.

"A tragedy..." he replied almost blubbering. "A great tragedy."

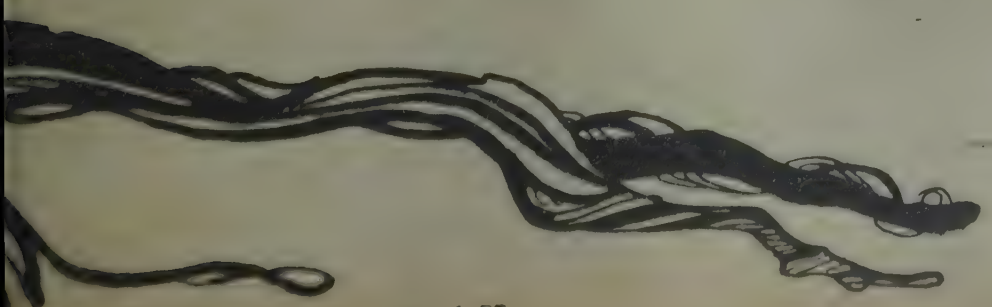
She continued to stare at him composed.

"Really we are not to blame," he pleaded ... "A twig that size." And he lifted his little finger, "just a twig that size fell on him, killed him, when the tree crashed — he seemed yards away..." he went on almost incoherent.

Madhavi followed the man. She was quite calm. She remembered now Paru telling her long ago that the tree which harboured a god should never be cut, and whoever attempted to do so, would surely be punished — as surely as a shadow followed the substance or an echo the sound.

The man continued to lead the way. "I hope you will not think I am responsible Amma," he said. "Really ..."

"No," Madhavi cut him short. "No one is to blame. An accident. I told him not to touch that tree."



FASHION VIBRATIONS!

This is fashion happenings today in ready-to-wear boutique ensembles for fashion conscious eves who delight in unusual, attractive and practical wear. For there is a change in the air these days and it comes from the fashion vibrations felt all over the young world. If you have also been charged with it, you'll definitely want to wear these lovely creations for which the accent is on style. A variety of textiles — from traditional cottons to handlooms, chiffon, denims and jersey are chosen for the slick outfits, thus catering to the most varied tastes. Maxis, caftans and evening gowns have priority over casuals, besides young fashionables want elegance combined with comfort and durability and that's what bedazzle the most blase, anywhere and everywhere they go.

Courtesy : Creative Touch, Nepeansea Road, Bombay.

EXTREME LEFT :

Solid denims and cottons do their own "separates" thing ! A white with red piped trousers in denim has red top and peak cap to match. A beige and pink two-piece maxi has lacing on the bodice; a little girl's casual playsuit is in pink and white checked top and plain pink cotton pants; while a blue denim midi skirt and waistcoat is worn with a white cotton blouse.

Long is beautiful! Catch some dazzle in this white, cyclamen and pink chiffon evening gown with a shoulder trial. A white jersey wrap-over dress has a red rose bloom on the shoulder; while a magenta pink princess line chiffon gown has floating skirt and a printed cascading stole.

Cheeky charmers on international scene! A red and blue printed patch-work maxi skirt is worn with a cool figure-hugging top in red print; bold strokes in black and red march up-and-across in this billowy caftan; while a pretty printed handloom chaddar is designed into easy-wear, long sleeved maxi.

Location : Hotel President, Bombay.

Photographs Farokh Reporter

Until recently, America wasn't too keen on women in space. The official reason? None had the right qualifications.

But now the policy is changing. Engineers have developed a new kind of spaceship which shoots into orbit on the backs of rockets and eventually lands back on an ordinary runway. Its nickname? The SHUTTLE. Its job will be to take people to and fro into space at a fraction of the previous cost.

Last year for the first time, women were officially invited to apply to become astronauts.

At the time of writing there are 30 vacancies, 15 as Pilots and 15 as Mission Specialists.

The task of rooting out the successful applicants will begin this July.

Candidates have to be between 1.52 m to 1.93 m tall, aged 35 years or under, be in reasonably good health, have flying experience and a good degree.

Pilots are expected to undergo 1800 hours of special training, then fly four to six Shuttles a year.

,Anyone picked for a Shuttle mission will have to be prepared for "conditioning," which includes such delightful exercises as walking a treadmill, and spinning in three different directions at the same time on a travel sickness testing machine.

Anyone surviving this will then move on to further training in Germany.

Five Shuttles are being built and are expected to start operating in 1979. Altogether, more than 800 missions are planned between 1980 and 1990.

Crews on the shuttle will work a 12-hour day, but to keep themselves amused, will be given TV, books, cassettes and games.

Men and women are expected to share all the chores, whether it's housework, cooling, or maintaining equipment.

Each will have his or her personal belongings — wipe cloths, toothbrush, towels and clothing—

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

From the kitchen, which was once considered their only arena of activity, women escaped into offices, factories, laboratories; and now they are spreading their wings to fly into outer space—and in a big way, too

Carole A. Hanson

TOP: Nichelle Nichol's association with outer space began with a role in the T.V. film "Star Ride" and now she is working for the National Aeronautics and Space Adminstration of the U.S.A.

ABOVE: These young ladies are training for the Spacelab programme in a buoyance simulator.

LEFT: The training is tough. One young woman is reading a magazine through prismatic glasses, while the other is being prepared for a centrifuge ride.

trimmed with a different colour for easy identification.

Clothing will consist of brown two-piece overalls and disposable underwear.

There will be no slaving over a hot stove: food will be a mixture of canned, dehydrated and frozen meals, prepared in electrically treated food trays, or in a microwave oven, which can be programmed to deliver piping hot food at any hour. There is a refrigerator, deep freeze, and a circular dining-table, and bar stools complete with seat belts.

The crew will be strapped into padded seats, much the same way as airline passengers. On the actual journey the pilot is the only one who has to work.

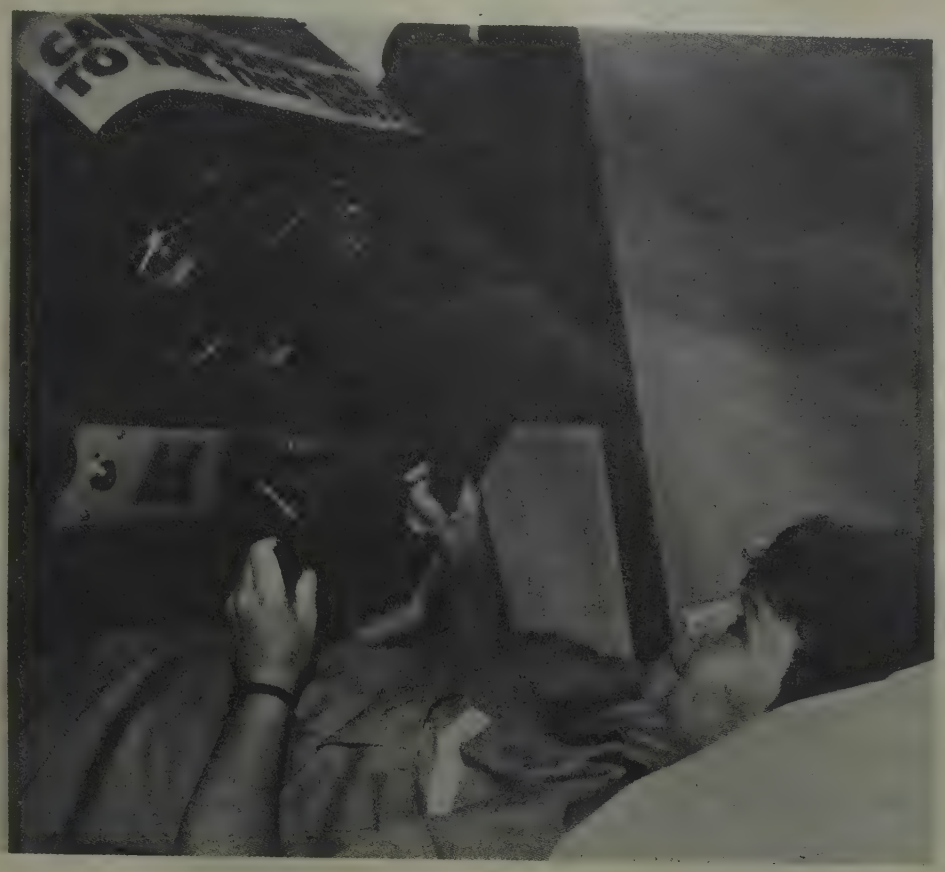
The only concession to the women will be a concertina door on the loo, which has a bowl, a seat, and wipe cloths, but no water. Waste is sucked away into the belly of the plane.

The galley, however, does have water, and the water temperature can be adjusted from cold to very hot, but the crew have to restrict themselves to a body wash using a cloth.

Only one woman to date has ever been launched into space — Valentina Tereshkova, the Russian — but as she had a rough time of it, the Russians have never sent another woman up.

Despite her experience, doctors don't expect women to suffer undue upsets in their monthly cycles, because now of course menstruation can be controlled by the pill.

For working outside the spaceship, men and women will wear a unisex suit. It comes in two parts — the top is armour plated, underneath, everyone will wear a urine collection device — a rubber nappy.



So far nearly 600 people have applied to be Shuttle astronauts, at least 60 of them women.

Four women scientists from the Marshall Spaceflight Centre in Alabama have already taken part in a five-day simulated flight, involving living for five days inside a Shuttle cabin on the ground, in which the air supply, temperature, humidity, working arrangements and hygiene were controlled in the same way as on a real space flight.

Right now, a woman's role in space is primarily scientific. But there's no reason why they shouldn't do almost any job men can do in space in the future.

Shuttle astronauts will be paid £13,000 — £18,000 a year, both men and women alike. Added to that, everyone aboard the Shuttle will also receive one dollar a day "expenses" — tax free.

But can you imagine what they might spend it on all those millions of miles away up there in space? Maybe a deposit on a nice little plot on some distant planet.

LEFT: She's ready to fly into outer space. Nance Lou Dardoff has been selected as an astronaut for the shuttle flights.

CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

LOVE BLUES

LOOK TO YOUR FUTURE

I am 20 and in love with a married man since five years. He is our family doctor. Now I realise I am on the wrong path, though a bit too late. I am trying to correct myself but he keeps on saying he cannot live without me. He says I should not get married otherwise he will die, and I cannot bear this. I tried my best to make him understand but all in vain. He wants me to sacrifice my life for him, and he has promised to look after me throughout. His wife knows of our relationship and does not like it. At times I feel like committing suicide. Please help.

This is a proposition which may not work out for a life-time. And since he has his wife and family it is important that you make your own future secure. You never know what the distant future holds for you. As age advances he may not remain interested in you, or if any other circumstances come in the way, he may not take care of you the way you want. Then you will be left alone to fend for yourself. Besides, your position is anomalous and there is no legal status for such a type of relationship.

It is best to go ahead with your education and pursue a good career, and move to another city for your studies if need be. With your absence, he may gradually get over this attachment.

You should also reason out the pros and cons of the whole issue calmly with him and make him understand the situation. There is no need to break up this relationship abruptly. Tell him that you want a more certain and fulfilling future, and that if he genuinely loves you, he should help you build your life.

He wants you to sacrifice your life for him—is he ready to sacrifice his marriage for you, assuming he has a wife he cannot get on with and no children? In that case he too can take a vital decision and give you a legal position in life some day, if he really cares. His suggestion is definitely not reasonable. So go ahead with making a good career and time will help you decide things in your mutual interest.

TIME WILL HELP

My friend met a boy a few months back. He is of a different nationality and has come here for studies. They hardly know each other but she says she is deeply in love with him. The trouble is she does not know whether he loves her though he is good and kind to her.

Before meeting him, she was a very jovial girl, but now I often find her depressed. How can I help her?

If she is a good friend, get her to talk the matter over with you so that she can ease her mind. But do not pressurise her to do so. At present she is sorting out her own feelings and going through the 'love blues'. This is a process in itself and you should not disturb her or feel perturbed. At the moment all you can do is listen to her, be with her if she needs your company, and give her practical suggestions in the course of your conversation. You may reason with her and ask her to find out in some way whether he is really interested in her, instead of fretting about someone who is just friendly. Sometimes this is a phase of infatuation and can be one-sided. It can be overcome with time alone, when she is more realistic about affairs of the heart.

DON'T PURSUE HIM

I am 24 and in love with a boy since a year. We were just friends in the beginning, then gradually I started falling in love with him. He also loved me. Now he tells me that he is not in love with me and it is only a friendly relationship. I am very much attached to him. I am very upset and I don't think I can love anybody else. What should I do?

Since this boy has told you frankly that he is not interested in you, it is best that you stop this affair completely. Pursuing him will not be in your favour in the long run. Don't waste time on him now, but mix with other young boys. Time and determination will surely help you to get over him, although it may be emotionally painful for a while. You can love and be loved again.

BETWEEN TWO GENERATIONS

Vijaya Irani

Photograph : Sanil

Photograph : Girish Shukla

Nutan is today known as the best and most sensitive actress the acting profession has. She is the natural choice for film makers wanting to cast an artiste with a deep and rare range of talent. I asked her about the younger lot of actresses as a kind of informal comparative study.

"I have never, unfortunately, been too much of a filmgoer, having preferred to complete some urgent work at home, than going to a film. I see my own films only when I have to correct certain shots or when technicalities demand my presence. So I really would not know much about the younger girls. However, having worked with a couple of them, I might be able to give you some comments.

"To my mind, the problem that the girls are facing today is the very important one of time. Most of them, I feel, must be so overburdened with films that they cannot do other than divide their work in bit-size portions, or shifts, as the term goes.

"To take an example, if an artiste has split her day into say, three shifts, at least each of her three films would require a change of look — hairstyle and make-up, mainly — to suit her roles in the films. To me that would come foremost. But the pressure of time and the thought that another producer is waiting to start his shooting, does not allow them to consider carefully the changes to be made. So what they do is just to tease this little hair a bit or touch up this part of the face and they are ready for the next role.

"Now how on earth can a person even look a different character with this kind of hurried alterations? For me, this would be an impossible situation. Even earlier, I have never taken on more than six films at a time. But recently, I did find myself with 13 films on the sets, and the time factor was threatening to inconvenience matters a bit. So even when I have to do two shifts, very reluctantly and not from choice, I'd much rather take out my entire earlier hairstyle, wig or whatever, and have an entirely new one — so too with the make-up.

"If an artiste has enough time it makes a big difference. The face is important, if emotions have to be expressed convincingly. The audience will not know why it doesn't like a particular scene or film, but invariably the cause will be a stereotyped face and tired

look brought from the earlier shift, which they will be seeing shortly on the screen.

"A day's rest is important to an artiste. This helps in restoring the balance of mind that one needs in work of this kind. And I mean a real holiday, really cutting yourself off from your usual activities. Not telling some producer that you are shooting for someone else and telling that someone else something else, and guiltily holing up in your air-conditioned bedroom, even then afraid that one of them might decide to drop in and find you. Mental relaxation is the best and only way one can retain one's mental balace which is so important for good acting.

"I was shooting for 'Duniyadari' recently with a host of stars, and Bindiya Goswami who is in the cast happened to be the youngest around. For the first few days, everything was **hansi-mazaak** so to say, kidding around, and not generally showing the seriousness at work which should be there. But when she saw that all of us, Parikshat Sahni, Shashikala, myself, had got into the spirit of our roles and were doing serious work, she got into step too. The film has two brothers, and the two of us play the wives of the two. I found that the desire to improve her effort was not lacking. Whenever she could, she would sit with me and discuss how best she could do this or that, and I could see that she has lots of talent, provided she uses it well and doesn't burden herself with too many assignments. She is willing to learn and wants to improve — these are promising qualities.

"So all I can say about the younger stars is, these rush jobs they do because of lack of time, hardly allow time for thinking, which you have to do before you emote. And the rare exceptions, like Jaya, whose talents lie vast and unexplored, can burst into beautiful rainbows under a very good director. Shabana is another talent worth reckoning. That girl, I feel, really thinks before she gives a performance. If she is able to break through the commercial field as well as she has done in art films, it would be wonderful.

"As far as positions go, today one talks of Hema being No. 1 and Zeenat being No. 2 and so on... Everyone is going to be shocked and

Nutan as the heroine in "Gauri".

a little dismayed when they read this, but among all these actresses, I have a strong feeling that Rekha will emerge the best among the lot. Generally speaking the actresses that we have today are much better than the lot which we had a little before, and who have landed nowhere in particular."

SHABANA : "The senior actresses? I know whom you must mean. Artistes like Nutanji and Waheedaji, isn't it? I am glad you asked me that question, because I am always comparing our present generation, of which I am a part, to great artistes like the ones I just named."

That's dear old Shabana, who has no dearth of well-thought out impressions. She is always there with one mentally, if not a step or two ahead!

"I think about the career graph of such great artistes, of the way they started out and with sheer personal effort worked themselves up film by film, to the personalities and talents they are. They matured, not age-wise so much as talent-wise, and with this they really reached a shining peak of glory. That was the time their careers should have really begun a new chapter of achievement. No, but our dear film makers say, 'Nahi ji, they are passing thirty, so finish with them, and go on to grab some **kacchi** new face. Instead of giving Nutanji and Waheedaji the rare type of roles which no one else could ever portray — those of the maturing Indian woman, which is really more interesting and intriguing — they prefer the song-and-dance heroine.

"I see a lot of Swedish films and I can't stop wondering at the glaring difference between ours and their cinema, especially on this score. Actresses like Bibi Andersson and Ingrid Thulin started out as young girls earlier on, but it is now, in their 30-40s, that they are getting the most beautiful and challenging roles of their life! So many more good stories can be woven around maturer women, than around the younger ones. Everyone is young and silly and glowing in the same way, but each one of us matures in a different way, with a different story to tell. Why can't our film makers find roles for Nutan and Waheeda?

"When I see our younger actresses putting on these very 'Representative Faces' as I call it, formula faces, that look a certain way when they are crying" — and she demonstrated for me — "and faces for looking angry, it really bugs me. I think of the sensitivity and depth a Nutan or a Waheeda would have put into that one teeny scene. What's more, our girls are happy doing what they are doing. For what they are concerned about is merely looking pretty. Take my own film 'Fakira' for instance. The role has a very wide range of acting but when I want to try and put some sensitivity into each emotion, my own near and dear ones, Shekhar especially, criticise me for wasting so much feeling on a simple shot.

"Oh, I do admire sensitivity. Like when I see a Jaya Bhaduri film, I have to cry and cry — the minute I see her, I cry.

"Coming back to the point, why should Nutan or Waheeda be cast in only motherly roles? If a film these days has a Mala Sinha, she is cast opposite Rajendra Kumar and then the two have a younger set of stars to act with. Then too which of our present day heroes will act opposite such mature artistes without worrying about his own personal image?

"The emotions that the senior artistes have portrayed are so rare and beautiful. I have just seen 'Main Tulsi Tere Aangan Ki' starring Nutan and Asha Parekh, and my God, Nutan is just unbelievable. She ranges from a younger girl, a bride, to a maturing woman. What a range!

"It is as ridiculous to cast Nutan in the role of a white-haired mother, as it is to expect her to play a 16-year-old! If she should not play a 16-year-old as she is not 16 personally, why should she play a 60-year-old when she isn't? Why can't she play the age she is? This is just an example.

"One very important fact is that when these artistes were much younger, they were admired for their allround talents, their grace, talent, glamour and their sincerity. Whereas today, there is no star with the status that Hema enjoys today, but she is merely called very lucky, and her personal hassle is in trying to prove that she can act. Why does she want Gulzar to direct her? To help prove this. The earlier actresses relied on their own talent, their own understanding of the roles they played"

Shabana in "Buzdil" with Jeetendra.

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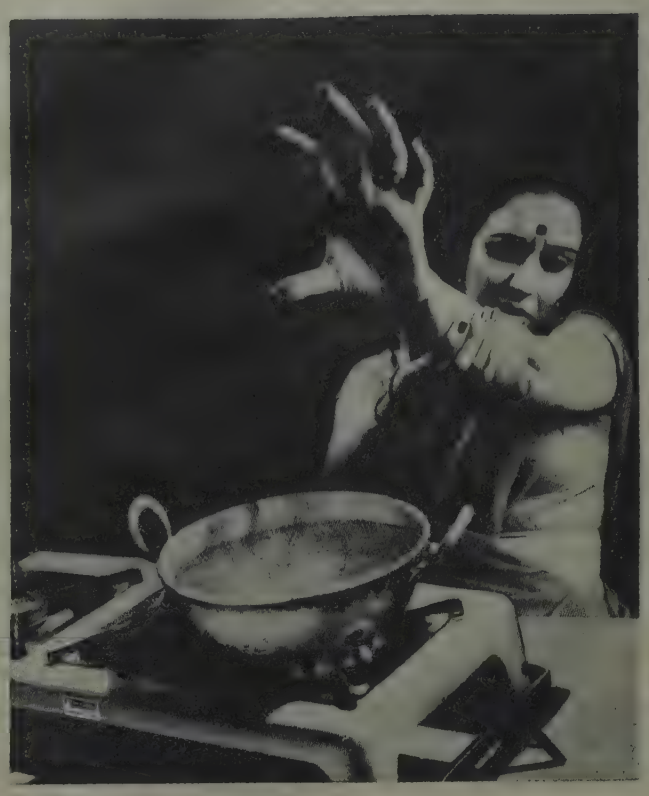

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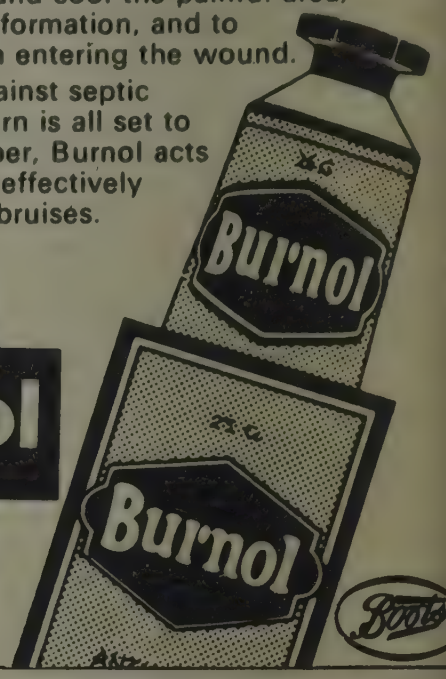

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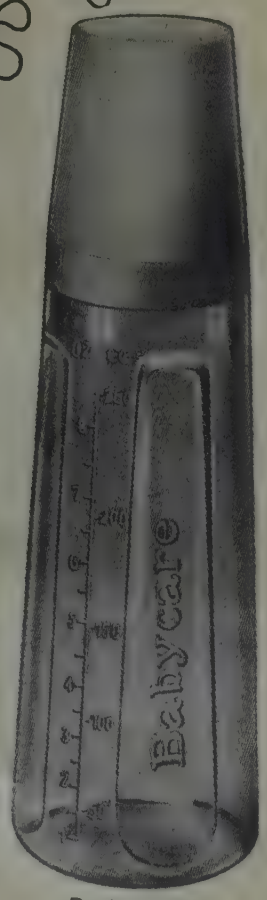

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beauty bulletin

APPLYING BLUSHER

I have seen my friends applying a blusher which makes their complexion glow. I too want to try it out. Where should it be applied on the cheeks?

K. K. (Delhi)

Look into a mirror and smile. Do you see your cheek area that swells into a mound — this is the place where you start the blusher, then continue brushing it towards the top of your ear.

SELECTING THE RIGHT SHADE

I am 17 and have never used any make-up on my face. I want to buy a foundation. How do I select the right shade? I have a droopy mouth. If I wear lipstick will this be more noticeable?

M.A. (Bombay)

You should test the shade of foundation before you buy it. Dab a little at the wrist where the skin tone is similar to that of the face. Keep on experimenting till you find the most suitable shade.

Eyeliner and Eye shadow

When applying a lipstick, lift corners of your mouth by tilting the outline of the lips upwards. This will not give your mouth a droopy appearance.

DEEP SET EYES

I have large eyes but they are deep set. I don't use an eyeshadow or an eyeliner, but I don't mind giving these a try. I want my eyes to look dark. I have a very fair complexion.

F.I. (Srinagar)

Subtle use of an eyeliner and an eyeshadow will help. Use the liner only at the roots of the lashes so that the skin between the lashes is darkened and not above them.

A whitish grey shadow will brighten up your eyes. Spread it in a thin layer over the entire lower half of your eyelids. Then fan the shadow up and out lightly towards the end of your brows.

WANTS WAVY HAIR

I am 24. I have good features but my complexion is slightly darker than the rest of my body. How can I make it lighter? My skin is very sensitive.

My hair is absolutely straight. I want to have wavy hair. Please advise.

M.R.D. (Pune)

You can lighten your complexion by bleaching it. To a tablespoon of hydrogen peroxide add a few drops of ammonia and a bleaching powder to make a paste. Mix well. Spread this evenly on your face and wait for a few minutes till dry. Then rinse thoroughly. But you should not do this often as your skin is sensitive.

Try this home remedy. Rub half a lemon on your face and neck gently and leave for a few minutes till dry. Then rinse well.

You should have a light perm for wavy hair. Have this done at a beauty parlour and get it cut to suit your type of face.

TO REMOVE BULGE

I am 18 and have a slim figure. I do yoga exercises every morning to keep my figure trim. But there is one problem—I am unable to get rid of a slight bulge in my lower abdomen. What should I do?

U.M.M. (Bombay)

Here is a good exercise, do it regularly to solve your problem. Stand straight with feet 12" apart. Keep your left hand by your side and right arm extended above your head with your elbows bent. Keeping your back straight, bend sideways from your waist to the left, sliding your left arm down your leg, as far as you can go comfortably. Straighten up and repeat to the right.

MIRABEN:

Gandhiji's Disciple

The daughter of a British Admiral, she spent her life in serving India

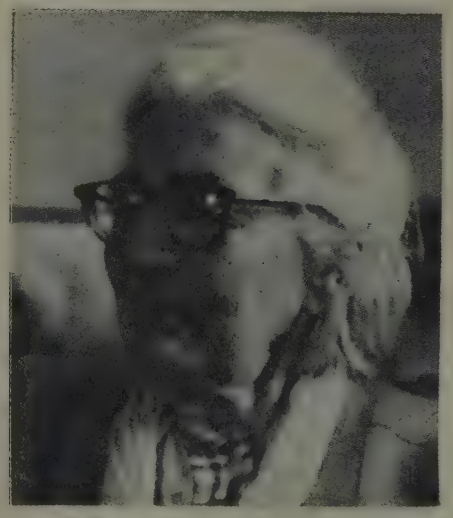
Miraben is a person who loves beauty passionately. Beauty to her is not merely visual. According to her it can be perceived not only by the senses but also by spiritual experience. There is beauty in the universality of love for humanity, and this is what brought many extraordinary people into Mahatma Gandhi's circle. Madeline Slade, now Miraben, is one such woman.

It was her love for the beauty of Beethoven's music that led her to Romain Rolland and to Mahatma Gandhi. Rolland himself was a devout Christian waiting for a world lover to save Europe. He even assigned this role to Mahatma, but he believed that his love of humanity could be expressed better in India itself. Thanks to him, many like Miraben came to India and worked in India.

For the last seventeen years or so, Miraben has been, more or less, a retired person. In India people retire to the Himalayas. Having made the Himalayan slopes her home after the death of Mahatma Gandhi, where else could she retire to but the surroundings of the Wienerwald—the Alpian gardens that gave inspiration to Ludwig von Beethoven? At the moment, in her mid-eighties, Miraben is busy finalising her biography of Beethoven. The American Beethoven Society has offered her secretarial assistance, but she has not availed of the assistance so far.

Apart from this work, her thoughts are always with India. She gets visitors from all walks of life—mostly those interested in India and humanity. Just a few weeks before Emergency was declared in India Miraben had suggested that India should harness the blowing winds to generate power. Mrs. Gandhi responded to the idea by inviting experts from Switzerland. But then, like many other things in India, the Emergency suspended this good project also.

During the last fifteen months, I visited Miraben about six times. Every time, the topics of conversation remained the same—India and ecology, what she thought of the "gains" of the Emergency of



India. Although she scrupulously avoided giving interviews on the subject, she has been very candid in her private conversations.

She said nearly the same things that Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit told the Indian electorate. There was a similar pain in her heart, caused by the ruthless destruction of the values cherished by Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru.

She did not approve of Mrs. Gandhi letting her son rule the country like one of the old, discredited Indian princes. She was happy when Jagjivan Ram came out of the Congress and Mrs. Pandit spoke up in defence of the values nursed during the freedom movement.

These are the impressions I got when I met her. Actually, I did not go to find out her views on the Indian political scene. I visited Miraben only in order to pay my respects to her. Being away from India, I felt like meeting an elderly person who had done so much for India and who is still concerned about India. But having met her, I could not resist the desire to seek her views on the exciting events that were happening in the country she loved so much. The last time I visited her, Mario, the cartoonist, was with me. Miraben was so happy to have a visitor from India and to hear about her people.

She has an Indian assistant to take care of her — Brahmachari. He comes from the Himalayan region. He, too, welcomes Indian guests and serves them tea and cakes made by himself. Although Miraben gets tired quickly these days, she does her own shopping and continues her walks in the garden when weather permits. When it has snowed and the garden and the whole village looks like a large, soft, white bed, it is a lovely view through the window.

Once I asked Miraben if she ever thought of visiting India once again. She smiled and said it would not be practical for her to visit India now at this age. She is too old and she does not have the money. She lives a spartan life like a true Gandhian.

Kulamarva Balakrishna

PALATABLE PUMPKIN

Premila Lal

Pumpkin—this large globular vegetable—is available throughout the year. Green when unripe, with white inner part, it changes colour from yellowish to deep orange. Pumpkin is delicious cooked both in its unripe and ripe form. Fortunately there's more than one way to cook pumpkin—use it in chila, fiana, halwa, 'bhujia'—or combine with meat and shrimps.

HIMALAYA KADDU

½ kg. pumpkin
1 tbsp. anardana (dry pomogranate seeds)
1 tsp. red chilli powder
2 tsps. garam masala powder
3 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

Grind the anardana, adding a little water and then strain the juice in a muslin cloth. Peel and cut the pumpkin into small pieces. Heat the ghee and when hot, add turmeric and chilli powder blended in a tablespoon of water. Add pumpkin pieces in it and fry for 10 minutes. Add two cups of water and let it simmer on moderate fire. When a cupful of liquid is left, add anardana. Cook for five minutes and add garam masala. Serve with boiled rice.

PUMPKIN KABABS

½ kg. pumpkin
1 large onion
Ghee to fry
4 cloves of garlic
1" size coconut piece
¼ saffron
2 green chillis
2 red chillis
A piece of cinnamon
A few cardamoms
1 tsp. ground gram powder

Peel the pumpkin and cut into very fine pieces and then keep it on the fire with the one fourth teaspoon of saffron powder without any water till the pumpkin gets soft and the water dries up. In another dekchi, heat a dessertspoon of ghee and fry the onions and keep aside, then cut the coconut into pieces and the green and red chillis, garlic, cinnamon and cardamom. Now mix all the fried masala with the pumpkin, grind and add the teaspoon of gram powder, more if needed. Make into small shammi kababs and fry it in hot ghee.

PUMPKIN PATTIO

Skin of 1 pumpkin
4 onions
2 tbsps. ghee
4 green chillis
4 tomatoes
½ dessicated coconut
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. spice powder
1 tsp. curry leaves
1 tsp. sambhar powder
2 tsps. vinegar
2 tsps. sugar
A pinch of salt

Cut the pumpkin skin in this slices. Add salt and the above powdered masala in it. Heat the ghee in a pan and add the above mixture in it. Put and stir on slow fire. After 15 to 20 minutes, add chopped tomatoes and dessicated coconut to it. Keep it on fire till it is tender and till the gravy dries. Add vinegar and sugar lastly.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter.

½ kg. white pumpkin
½ tsp. salt
1 bunch coriander leaves
4 green chillis
1 onion
2 tbsps. gram dal
2 tbsps. ghee

GRIND TOGETHER :

2 tbsps. coriander seeds
1 tsp. turmeric
2 red chillis
1 onion
6 cloves garlic

Wash pumpkin, grate and boil it. Then chop the green chillis, coriander and onion finely and mix with the grated pumpkin. Grind the gram to a dry powder and mix it with the pumpkin. Add salt. Shape pumpkin into small balls and fry in hot ghee. Heat ghee in a saucepan and fry the masala paste well, then add one-and-a-half cups water, enough for desired gravy and simmer for 10 minutes. Add koftas and cook for five minutes in the gravy.

PUMPKIN KORMA

250 grams pumpkin
1 cup curd
1 heaped tsp. aniseeds powder
½ tsp. dried ginger powder
½ tsp. garam masala
1½ tsp. cumminseed
½ tsp. pepper
Salt to taste
Ghee

Cut the pumpkin into two inch square pieces. Pierce the pieces with a fork. Fry them in hot ghee till golden brown and keep aside. Take two tablespoons of ghee. Fry small pieces of ginger and add powdered aniseeds, dried ginger and pepper and half a cup of water. Bring to boil and add the pumpkin. Beat up curds with the egg beater and put one cup of water in it and mix well. Add beaten curd to the pumpkin. Simmer till gravy thickens, add cumminseeds and one teaspoon of ghee and cook for two more minutes. Serve with puris.

PUMPKIN CUTLETS

1 medium sized pumpkin
9 medium size potatoes
6 green chillis
Asafoetida (size of a pea)
1 tsp. mustard
1½ tsp. black gram dal
Bay leaves
Juice of half a lime
4 tbsps. fine semolina or rice powder
3 tbsps. ghee

Wash and peel the pumpkin, cut into cubes and steam until sufficiently soft for about 15 minutes and set aside. Boil, peel and mash potatoes. Add salt and lime juice. Heat two teaspoons of ghee in a frying pan. Add mustard, black gram dal, a few bay leaves and the green chillis, cut into pieces. After the spluttering stops, add mashed potatoes and pumpkin and season with salt. Keep a tawa on the fire and smear it with a little ghee. Dip each end of the stuffed pieces in the semolina or rice powder and roast on the tawa. Serve hot.

2 cups prawns (cleaned and shelled)
500 grams pumpkin, cut into cubes
10 red chillis
1 tsp. fenugreek (methi)
1 tsp. coriander seeds
1 medium sized onion
3 cloves of lemon
½ coconut (scraped)
Salt to taste

Fry all the spices and the coconut. Then grind them together to a smooth paste. Cook prawns and pumpkin in sufficient water with salt. When well cooked, add the masala and let the curry boil. You may season this curry with two tablespoons of onions (chopped) and fried in one tablespoon of ghee. This makes a very delicious dish with rice.

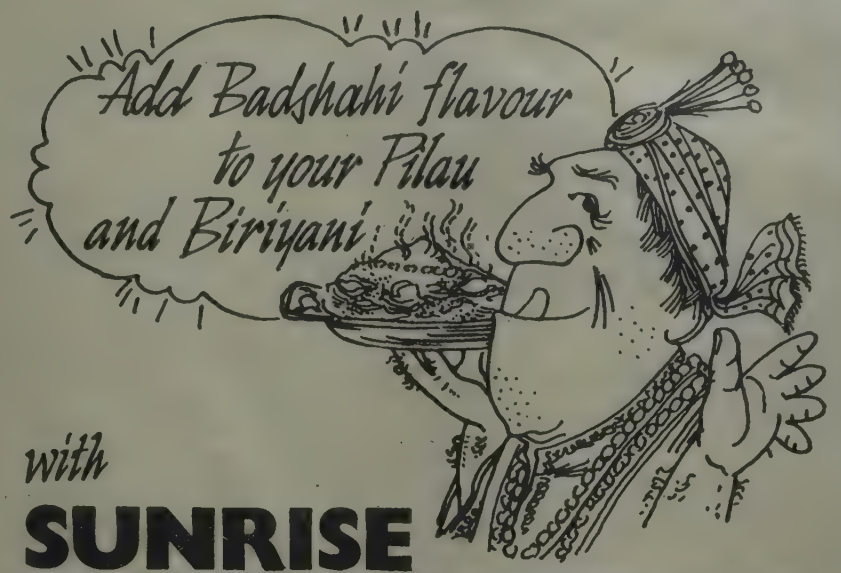
PUMPKIN HALWA

1 large ripe pumpkin
250 grams khoya
500 grams cream
250 grams ghee
500 grams sugar
100 grams almonds
100 grams pistachios
100 grams pumpkin seeds
250 grams milk
A pinch of kesar
Rose or Kewra essence

Cut up the pumpkin. Remove the seeds and pith and grate the flesh. Boil the pumpkin in a very little water. Drain off the water. When cool, mix the boiled pumpkin with the thick coconut milk. Beat the eggs well and add to the pumpkin. Put in the aniseeds and sugar to taste. Mix well. Add flour, spoon by spoon mixing each spoonful thoroughly. Add sufficient flour to make a thick batter. Grease a pie-dish with butter and pour in the batter. Bake till the pie is done. (Insert a steel knitting needle into the pie. If it comes out clean, the pie is done.) cook gently till all the milk dries up. Heat the ghee in a large saucepan and fry the mixture till it turns reddish in colour. Add sugar and the khoya and fry gently on a low fire. Chop the nuts finely. Pour out the mixture on a large thali and spread evenly with a wooden spoon. Sprinkle the kesar water and nuts on top. Whip the cream and make an even pattern with dollops of cream. When cool, cut in squares so that you have a dollop of cream on each piece.

PUMPKIN PIE

1 kg. ripe red pumpkin
Salt to taste
Milk of 1 coconut
4 eggs
2 tsps. pounded aniseeds
Sugar to taste
Sufficient rice flour to make a thick batter



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PUMPKIN JAM

1 large pumpkin
Sugar
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. mastic
60 grams blanched almonds, slivered

Peel the pumpkin and discard the seeds. Grate the flesh in thick shreds. Weigh the grated flesh.

Make a syrup with the same weight of sugar as grated pumpkin, half this volume of water, and the lemon juice. Bring to the boil stirring and simmer gently until the syrup is thick enough to coat a spoon thickly. Stir in the grated pumpkin, and continue to simmer until it is soft and transparent.

Pound the mastic to a powder with a little sugar and mix well with the jam. Cook for a few minutes longer, then stir in the slivered almonds.

Pour into clean, warmed glass jars and close up as usual.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

¼ cup milk
2½ cups boiled pumpkin
1½ cups brown sugar
½ tsp. salt
¾ tsp. ginger
¾ tsp. cinnamon
1/3 tsp. nutmeg
5 large eggs separated
2 tbsps. (2 envelopes) unflavoured gelatine
1/3 cup cold water
1½ cups heavy cream, whipped
¾ tsp. grated orange rind
1/3 cup sugar
Caramelised almonds
1, 10" inch pie shell

Combine milk, drained pumpkin, sugar, salt, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg in the top of a double boiler; heat till boiling; place over hot water in double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly and stir in a small amount of milk mixture, then pour back into top of boiler. Cook, stirring until thickened. Add gelatine to cold water and soak for five minutes; add to milk and pumpkin mixture, stirring until dissolved and until mixture thickens and coats a spoon. Cool slightly. Beat egg whites until stiff and glossy but not dry, and fold in. Place in refrigerator and chill, but do not allow to set. Combine whipped cream, orange rind, and one-third cup sugar, then fold into pumpkin mixture, chill again until thick but not set, and pour into pie shell. Refrigerate until set. To serve, sprinkle with Caramelized almonds.

To Caramelize Almonds :

Combine one-fourth cup sugar and one cup slivered almonds in skillet and place over low heat. Stir constantly and briskly until sugar melts to a light brown. Watch carefully so that it does not burn. Pour into nine inch buttered shallow pan and let set. Crumble into small pieces.

This is really candy almond brittle, peanut brittle may be made the same way. Break into convenient-sized pieces.

Industrial Times

HIGHLIGHTS OF AUGUST 1, 1977

STEPS TOWARDS ORGANISATIONAL HARMONY
By L. C. Goyal,
Chief Executive,
Suessen Textile Bearings Ltd.

HUMAN RESOURCE—THE PRIMARY RESOURCE
By N. I. Padamsee,
Jt. Chief Executive,
Eagle Vacuum Flask Pvt. Ltd.

MISSING THE WOODS FOR THE TREES
By Sisir Mitra,
Managing Director,
Cynamid India Ltd.

PROFESSIONAL MANAGEMENT AT GRASSROOTS LEVELS
Interview with **R. K. Swamy**, President,
All India Management Association.
Interviewer : **M. S. Dabke**

And a Special Report on

INDO-USSR ECONOMIC COOPERATION

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DEEP/77

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Leela V. Kumar, Shahabad.

½ kg. small long brinjals
½ fresh coconut
3 large onion
1 large pod garlic
2 tbsps. roasted coriander seeds
1 tsp. roasted poppy seeds
1½ tsps. chilli powder
2 tomatoes
1 lemon size tamarind
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Curry leaves
150 ml. refined oil
4 cloves
4½" pieces cinnamon
1" piece ginger
Salt to taste

Slit the brinjals in quarters leaving ½ inch uncut near the stem. Grind coconut, poppy seeds, coriander seeds, chilli powder, turmeric, onion, garlic, ginger, cinnamon, cloves and coriander leaves. Grind tomatoes separately. Heat the oil, add mustard, one sliced onion, ground masala, tamarind juice, and salt to taste; fry till well browned. Stuff the brinjals with this mixture. Place in cooker with instant pressure. Remove and serve hot

Mrs. Bharti H. Modi, Bombay.

THREE-IN-ONE-ICECREAM

(makes one tray of icecream — approximately 6 slabs)

¼ litre milk
10 tsps. sugar
2½ tsps. custard powder
4½ dstsps. cream (malai)
Vanilla, rose and pineapple essence
Red and green food colour
3 freezing trays

Boil milk on gentle heat till a ¼ remains. Add sugar and stir for 10 minutes. Take custard powder in a cup, add enough water to make it into a pouring consistency. Pour this mixture slowly into boiling milk, stirring all the while. Remove from heat and pour it equally in three trays. Let it cool for a few minutes. Then add in one tray red colour (to make pink icecream) and 2 to 3 drops of rose essence, in second tray green colour (to make pista green colour) and pineapple essence, and in third tray vanilla essence and no colour. Put all the trays in a freezer and cover them, (so as not to form icicles on icecream). Increase the temperature to 5-6 deg. F. When the icecream is half set, take out pink icecream, place it in blender container, adding 1½ dessertspoons of cream. Cover, blend it until light and fluffy. Put it again in freezer. When pink icecream is completely set, take out white icecream, beat it and blend same as pink icecream, adding 1½ dessertspoon of cream. Pour that mixture on pink icecream and let it set. When white icecream is completely set, take out green icecream, beat it and blend same as white icecream, adding 1½ dessertspoons of cream. Pour that mixture on white layer and let it set. When the icecream is done, lower the temperature to normal till you serve. It keeps icecream soft. Cut into 2" slabs

Mrs. Alli Venkatraman, Jaipur

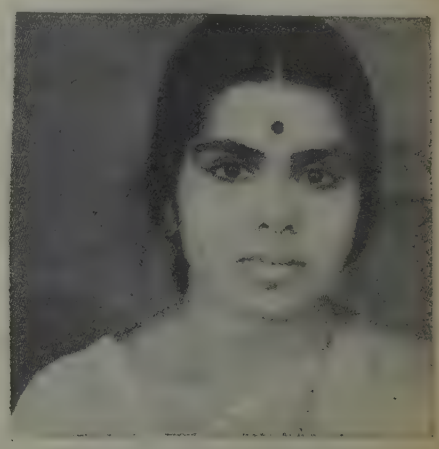
AMLA PICKLE

2½ kgs. amlas
½ kg. raw tamarind
¾ kg. salt
½ kg. red chillis
½ tsp. asafoetida powder
1 dstsp. turmeric
1 dstsp. mustard
3 dstsp fenugreek seeds

A night before making the pickle put the salt in a big vessel and pour 1½ lts. of water and heat it for 20 minutes. Then remove it from the stove and cool.

Next day wash the amlas dry, and break each amla, into 2-3 pieces, do not remove the seeds. Remove seeds from tamarind and grind in a mortar or grinder with salt water. Put chutney in a muslin and squeeze out the juice and throw away the skin.

Then grind the chillis with salt water. Now mix the ground chillis, tamarind juice, the remaining salt water, amla pieces in a big glass bottle or pickle jar. Fry mustard and fenugreek seeds and mix them with the amlas. Never use or touch any other water except salt water while grinding. Every week stir the pickle with a long spoon, it will be ready to eat by 15 days.



Mrs. Suguna Ranganathan, New Delhi

POTATO VADAI

½ kg. potatoes
4 tbsps. besan
1 tbsp. rice flour
4 medium size onions
8 green chillis
A small piece ginger
A pinch of asafoetida powder
Curry and coriander leaves
Salt to taste
Ghee or oil to fry

Boil potatoes and mash with salt and asafoetida powder. Add besan and rice flour with the mashed potatoes. Also add chopped onions, green chillis, ginger, curry, coriander leaves and salt.

Make the dough into small size balls and make in the shape of vadai. Deep fry 4 or 5 at a time in oil or ghee on slow fire.

RAW MANGO CHUTNEY:

1 medium size raw mango
1 medium size onion
1 cup grated coconut
4 green chillis
2 red chillis
1 small piece ginger
Salt to taste

Cut the onion and mango into small pieces and grind them with coconut, chillis, ginger and salt. Heat one teaspoon of oil and fry ¼ teaspoon mustard seeds and ¼ teaspoon urd dal and mix it with the chutney.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Marie-Lou Srivaran of Vijayawada wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe

SNAKE GOURD HUDDLE

1 long snake gourd
3 boiled carrots
4 onions
12 cashewnuts
1 tsp. cumminseed
1 tsp. garam masala
1 lime
2 tbsps. bread crumbs
Salt to taste
3 boiled potatoes
2 tbsps. peas (shelled and boiled)
6 tbsps. wheat flour
1 tbsp. channa dal
4 green chillis
1" piece ginger
A bunch of coriander leaves
A pinch of turmeric
Tomato ketchup to taste

Choose a long, rounded and tender snake gourd. Scrape and cut off both the tapering ends. Cut this into 4 equal cylinders. Gently remove the inedible portion along with the seeds from it. Boil the pieces in salted water. Drain off water while vegetable is still crisp and set aside.

Fry channa dal, cumminseeds, cashewnuts, two finely sliced onions and garam masala in a little oil. Then grind to a fine paste along with the green chillis and ginger.

Mash the potatoes, carrots and peas. To this add the ground masala, bread crumbs, chopped coriander leaves, a pinch of turmeric and the other 2 chopped onions. Squeeze the lime over it. Add salt to taste. Mix well and blend. Now fill the mixture tightly into the four gourd cylinders.

Prepare wheat flour with salt and water to chappati dough consistency and seal both ends of each cylinder with it.

Fry one by one in a flat tava with little oil or ghee. Remove gently.

Now cut each cylinder into rings of one-inch thickness.

Arrange them neatly on a plate, pour tomato ketchup liberally and serve.

SNAGS IN THE

Why is the promised flood of milk still a trickle? There are problems galore to be overcome before we can get an adequate milk supply

Vichitra Sharma

As far back as in 1972, a Bombay daily's headlines read, "When the Kurla dairy starts, it will mean the end of the milk famine in the city by '75." The year '75 has been left far behind and the milk problem still persists in the state of Maharashtra.

In spite of detailed plans for the "operation flood programme" and a glut in milk sales last year, there has been a drop in milk supply this season.

Officials of the Dairy Department agree that the lean period of May, June, July and August this year has been severe. Ordinarily, cards are issued against applications within three days, but now no new cards are being issued until September, when it is hoped that the situation will ease.

According to Mr. L. P. Bhasin, Dairy Development Officer, Bombay, milk production is closely related to the breeding pattern of the milch animals as well as the climatic conditions.

REASONS FOR SCARCITY

"This year, the shortage is," he says, "mainly due to the scarcity conditions in rural areas caused by lack of rainfall in the winter months, the subsequent water shortage, and the high cost and non-availability of feeds and fodder."

The other important factor leading to the scarcity of milk during the summer months is the preference for the buffalo rather than the cow by cattle-owners. Buffaloes are seasonal breeders — they calve once a year, between November and January. For about six to eight months during this period they continue to give milk; therefore supply milk dries up subsequently. On the other hand, cows have two calving seasons, and the drop in milk production is also much less if other geographical conditions are favourable.

No long-term milk programme can be successful until these basic problems are taken care of.

Dairy farming in our country is still looked upon as a traditional industry. It is mainly carried on to produce milk for home consumption. Farmers are not interested in production for production's sake or for generating a balanced diet for the population of the country or state with their produce. The only thing that can persuade them to sell their milk is the chance to increase their income.

However, for most of us in India today, especially vegetarians, milk is not just something that is added to tea, it is a source of animal protein and we need it for proper nourishment. As per experts' views, the per capita consumption of milk should be ten ounces a day. However, the per capita consumption in India works out to only six ounces, and in Maharashtra it is even lower.

The estimated per capita availability of milk in various countries is as follows:

India	105.02 ml.
Finland	937 ml.
Denmark	738 ml.
Norway	677 ml.
U. S. A.	673 ml.
Pakistan	195 ml.
Sweden	745 ml.
Netherlands	682 ml.
Canada	646 ml.
U. K.	593 ml.

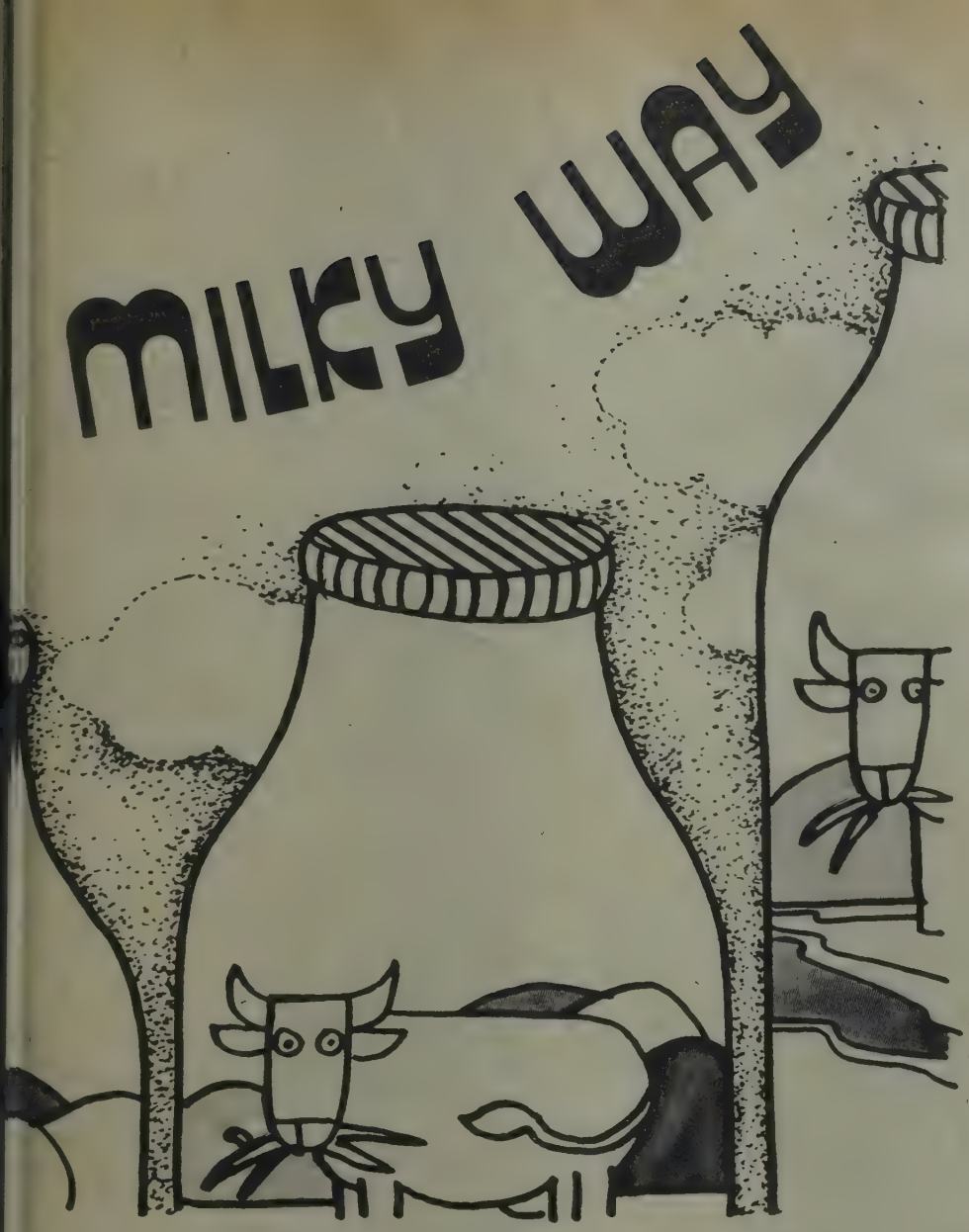
Not only is the Indian level the lowest but there is uncertainty about continuous supply of clean, wholesome milk throughout the year.

The procurement depends largely upon the cattle-owners — whether they sell to a co-operative for the Government Dairy or to outsiders in the rural areas.

Evidently, the snags are caused less by distribution malpractices and more by problems of procurement. The greatest obstacle to the successful operation of any scheme is the illiteracy of the farmer and his religious sentiments. The absence of facilities for long distance transport of milk in commercial quantities, the adverse effect of the warm climate upon keeping quality milk, underfed cattle, and inadequate veterinary care have also discouraged the production of milk.

The dairy organisation called the Greater Bombay Milk Scheme was started in 1950 with the establishment of the Aarey Milk Colony. Gradually, by 1958, milk handling by the scheme had increased upto 2,00,000 litres per day. In 1961 the Worli Dairy was established and the total processing capacity was increased to 700,000 litres. With the increased milk production in the State and the pressing demand for milk in Bombay city, a dairy was established in 1975 with a capacity for 400,000 litres a day. The new dairy was situated in Kurla, and run under the "operation flood programme." In addition, there are 20 milk schemes functioning in different districts of the State. In 1976-77 these schemes have handled upto a maximum of 10.50 lakh litres of milk per day.

Milk processing in the mofussil areas is done by the Government Milk Scheme at the district level. The milk collection is handled by the dairy cooperatives. The primary dairy cooperative societies are formed of producers, who form their unions, and federations at the taluka and district levels. These unions and federation undertake the work of



milk collection, testing, chilling, and the transportation of milk from the production point to the Government dairy in the district. If a producer wants to sell milk outside, he has to take prior permission from the society.

Today, in Maharashtra, there are about 3,800 co-operative societies, 30 taluka unions and 17 district federations employed in the milk trade.

In Nasik district, the Malegaon Vibhag Union owns a chilling centre and supplies milk directly to the Greater Bombay Milk Scheme through their road-tankers.

The total procurement by the Government Milk Scheme for three main districts of Maharashtra for the year 1976-77 was as follows:

Dhulia	439.32 lakhs ml.
Miraj	317.16 lakhs ml.
Pune	197.84 lakhs ml.

Milk pricing in the State is based on the fat and S.N.F. (solid non-fat) contents of the milk.

The price paid to the producer is based on 7 per cent fat and 9 per cent S.N.F. for buffalo milk and 4.5 per cent fat and 8.5 per cent S.N.F. for cow's milk and it varies as per the fat and S.N.F. content of the milk.

The milk pricing has three components — the producers' price, the management charges paid to the primary societies and the charges paid to the unions and federations for collecting, chilling, testing and transportation of milk.

SEASONAL DIFFERENCES

The first varies according to the seasons, divided into three — the lean season (April, May, June, July), the transitory season (February, March, August, September) and the flush season (October to January). Cow's milk and buffalo milk are paid for equal even though the fat content is less in cow's milk. This is one of the few incentives given to encourage cow farms.

The procedure for securing milk cards has been simplified to a great extent. During the flush season the consumer can apply for cards to the controller of milk procurement and distribution in any of the Bombay Milk schemes at Worli, Kuria, or Aarey. Applications to the ward offices of the Municipal corporation are also accepted. A date for the collection of the card is given, normally within a week's time, and the cards can be collected from the ward offices themselves. If there are complaints regarding malpractices at the booths or elsewhere, the consumers can contact the milk procurement and distribution offices at any of the three government dairies. As of today the Greater Bombay Milk Scheme has 81,8920 cardholders and distributes 8.20 lakhs litres a day. The milk is distributed to 1282 private and 1525 government owned milk booths.

NEED FOR NEW POLICIES

The wide fluctuation in milk supply has to be tackled at the policy making level. Greater incentives and facilities should be provided to the small and unorganised cattle owners in terms of bank advances for the purchase of improved varieties of cattle and cattle feed. Institutions of dairy farming should be set up in rural areas to educate and inform the farmer on increasing the milk yield of the animals.

Pastures of grazing land are becoming non-existent in the rural areas mainly because non-commercial fuels are being used by rural people in place of commercial fuels. Suitable pastures should be acquired and developed by the government for the benefit of milk producers' societies.

The Dairy Development Officer in Bombay, Mr. Bhasin, says that animal husbandry is not receiving enough attention, especially compared with dairy-rich countries like Denmark, Holland, New-Zealand, Sweden and England. He explained that there were two intermediaries between the consumer and the producer. The collectors collect milk from villages and deliver it to government agencies. In some cases, the producer deals with distributors or even with consumers themselves when one or both the intermediaries disappear. There is constant cut-throat competition between milk collectors to procure the milk of a village.

These facts indicate that the Indian dairy industry needs a new outlook and fresh approach, which recognises these inherent problems. At present the marketing of milk is chaotic. It is, therefore, felt that improvement in production of milk should be supplemented by provision for improved marketing facilities.

Devi

News has come from Pakistan — no, not about Zulfikar Bhutto, but about Malika-E-Pakistan, Noor Jehan. There was a function to honour the queen. The queen, Noor Jehan, walked over red carpet under a canopy of coloured bulbs, her gharara trailing five feet behind her and her twenty-five-year-old fifth husband walking ten feet behind the trail. Through the standing ovation on the way to the throne, Noor Jehan spotted Runa Laila fixed to the chair. The queen walked up to her, slapped her on the face saying, "Budtameez, khadi nahin ho sakti?" (Ill-mannered woman, can't you stand up?)

After which, Noor Jehan walked upto the dais, without further mishap.

* * * *

He began as Dev Anand's man, was upgraded to Sadhana's escort. He lost the godman (Dev's man) position to

JUST SIGN MOUSHUMI!

Amit Khanna. On New Year's eve, I saw Yash Johar escorting Zeenat Aman to Raj Kapoor's party. And yesterday I received a muhurat card from Yash, announcing a film with Zeenat, Amitabh, Shatru, Lakshmi-Pyare, Salim-Javed and Raj Khosla, which I think is a better proposition than being godman.

* * *

Hemant Kumar is one of the shrewd guys of filmdom. Years ago, he went to the Calcutta murgi market, bought himself a chick, who turned into a hen that lays golden eggs. No, he did not chop off the hen, he only caged her, by getting his son Babla married to her. I am talking of his bahu Moushumi and now when Hemant tours abroad (he is always on singing tours) he has managed to persuade many starstruck Indians to turn producers. They come down and sign Moushumi, who insists on Vinod Mehra for her costar. The hen, with husband and "good friend" Vinod, jets abroad for the shooting of the films. Music, of course, is by Hemant Kumar. So the family is happy. That includes Vinod, as even Hemantda refers to him as a "family friend."

SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU !

Some of the voluntary agencies functioning in Madras which need volunteer service are listed in the chart.

Various types of services exist for needy people. The list shows both residential and non-residential services.

If a volunteer wishes to help these agencies she can contact any of them and offer her services.

Care should be taken to see that there is regularity, punctuality and efficiency. When a volunteer takes up a particular responsiblity in an agency, the administration has to make suitable arrangements. If a volunteer is regular initially and later becomes irregular, it will cause a lot of administrative problems. Besides, the beneficiaries look forward to volunteers in their otherwise dull and drab existence. This is more so in the case of the handicapped and the aged. The bond created becomes so deep that the inmates keep looking at the door for that "fairy" to visit them and cheer them.

If a volunteer plans to give material assistance, this has to be done in consultation with the administration. Direct dealings with inmates may create problems.

Volunteers have to take care not to bring any rift or misunderstanding between the administration and the inmates, between staff and inmates and between staff and administration.

To gain support and sympathy, the inmates and in some cases the staff, air their grievances against the administration. If a volunteer, in her enthusiasm takes sides, the whole concept of volunteer service will receive a severe set-back. If a volunteer feels unhappy, she can discuss the problem with the head of the agency.

If a volunteer wishes to contribute her service, she should plan to remain in an agency for at least one year. This will go a long way in organising a service.

To avoid problems of transport volunteers can choose agencies which are close to their place of residence.

Kamala Kumar

WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO

NAME OF ORGANISATION	ADDRESS	SOCIAL SERVICE RENDERED	WHOM TO CONTACT	VOLUNTARY SERVICE NEEDED	TIMING AND DAYS
Women's voluntary service of Tamil Nadu	"Wellingdon", 8, Commander-in-Chief Rd., Madras: 600 008 Tel: 87785	1. Hospital welfare 2. Ambulance service in times of emergency 3. Civil defence for women 4. Adult literacy 5. Starting pre-schools for children 6. Scholarships for deserving students 7. Giving text-books to poor students 8. Coaching girls for IAS and other competitive examinations 9. Youth wings in colleges to encourage students to work for the welfare of the community 10. Appeal to public not to waste food (especially in marriages), to collect surplus food for distribution in orphanages, etc. 11. Slum Welfare	Mrs. Padmini Raghavan Mrs. Mano Bakhtavatsalam Jt. Honorary Secretaries Tel: 87785	Volunteers are required for any of the social services rendered by the Women's Voluntary Service by way of — (i) Visiting hospitals. (ii) Conducting adult literacy classes. (iii) Slum improvement. (iv) Collecting text-books, note-books, and money. (v) Collecting surplus food for orphanages. (vi) Qualified people to help in coaching classes.	In consultation with the joint hon. secretaries
Cheshire Home	Covelong (25 km from Madras)	Home for severely disabled people of all ages	Mrs. Gita Viswanath, hon. secretary, 23/24, Casa Major Road, Egmore, Madras 600 008. Tel: 88328	Visits to Cheshire Home could be combined with picnics as the Home is very close to the sea. Contributions in cash and kind are also welcome	Sundays or other days suitable to volunteers
German Leprosy Relief Association	29/C, Gajapathi Naidu Street, Shenoy Nagar, Madras: 600 030.	Detection, treatment and prevention of leprosy. They have clinics to treat patients having leprosy. They have massive slum and school surveys to detect cases of leprosy.	Mrs. Sybille Gershon	Volunteers are required to collect handicrafts to be sent to Germany. The sale proceeds of this will be used to rehabilitate leprosy patients. Volunteers are also required in school survey health education programme and detection of cases.	In consultation with Mrs. Gershon

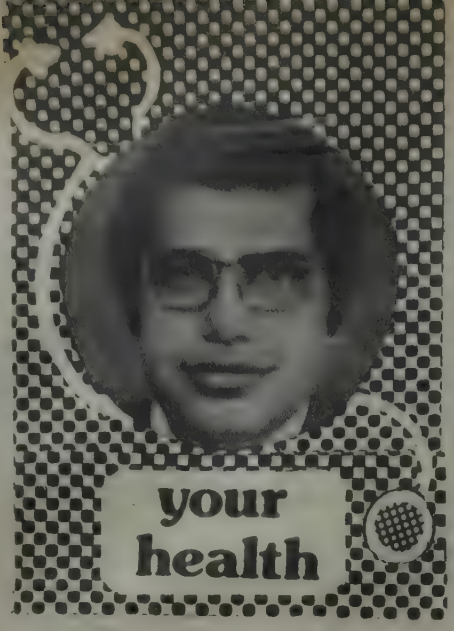
retarded afflicted	Madras-600 040	extension health services for the slum area surrounding the residential home.		Doctors are needed to examine the health of people in the slum. Used callipers and boots are needed for poor children who are handicapped.	Doctors and nurses are needed for two hours from 2 to 4 p.m. or 4 to 6 p.m
Shanti Bhavan, Stella Maris Social Welfare Centre	Stella Maris College, 14, Cathedral Road, Madras-600 086.	Shanti Bhavan has a creche for working mothers' children, foster care for needy children, sponsorship of children, slum girls are trained in tailoring and doll making. The Centre has a project in the Siva Shanmugapuram slum area to help to improve the condition of slum dwellers.	Sister Sarojini, Miss Valli, Miss Kitty Prabhu.	Volunteers are needed to teach craft at the centre.	Once a week, preferably on Sundays.
Daya Sadan	90, Konnur High Rd., Perambur, Madras-600 012.	Home for diseased, disabled and aged. Free medical care is given.	Honorary General Secretary Phone: 661161.	Volunteers are needed to cheer up the inmates by visiting them once a week. Magazines, usable medicines and other material assistance is welcome.	In consultation with the supdt. and hon. general secretary.
Daya Sadan	Nekkundram Village, Poona Malle High Road, Madras-602 102.	Destitute boys are looked after.	Mrs. Saroja Goenka, Hon. Secretary, 177/179 Mount Rd., Madras 600 002. Phone: 89271	Boys need counselling by trained counsellors. They also need coaching in weak subjects.	Any day between 4.30 to 6.30 p.m.
Beatitudes Social Welfare Centre	193, Vyasarpadi, Madras-600 039.	Youth are trained for moral development and social involvement. Recreational activities are conducted. Night schools are established to educate youth. Free books are given. Sheltered workshop for handicapped. Hospitals for destitute and aged. Burma refugees are trained in tailoring and palm leaf handicrafts. Secretarial course for school dropouts. Feeding the poor. Creche for children. Boarding school for children of leprosy patients. Home for leprosy patients.	Fr. F. M. Schlooz, Director Phone: 36697	1) Conduct recreational activities for youth. 2) Help in collecting games equipment. 3) Help to collect books, pencils, etc. 4) Help in the dispensary and collect usable medicines. 5) Cheer the sick in the hospital.	In consultation with the director.
The New Residents Welfare Trust	Kotturpuram, Madras-600 085.	This trust works for the welfare of people living in multi-storeyed flats built by the Tamil Nadu Slum Clearance Board. They run balwadis, provide tuition for children, teach craft to women, organise sale of these products, organise mothers' clubs, provide foster care for needy children, develop civic sense among the residents, provide employment and work during emergencies like floods, fire, etc.	Miss Vidya Rao Phone: Off: 431583 Res: 73856	They need material to teach crafts, usable medicines, books, tuition fees, clothes, eye glasses, hearing aids, play material, etc. They need volunteers to give coaching classes to children and adults.	In consultation with Miss Vidya Rao
Guild Of Service	23/24, Casa Major Road, Egmore, Madras-600 008.	It is a voluntary organisation to render service to the needy and disabled. It has a number of activities to promote social welfare.	Mrs. Nirmala Gokarn, vice-chairman. Mrs. Gita Viswanath, hon. gen. secretary. Phone: 81579		
a) Hospital visiting	: do :	To cheer patients in hospital who have prolonged stay in hospital.	Mrs. Nirmala Gokarn, Phone: 81579	Volunteers needed to visit hospitals and to collect magazines.	In consultation with the organiser.
b) Seva Samajam Children's Home	Pallipattu, Madras-600 020.	Young children who are destitutes are looked after.	Mrs. J. Narayanaswamy Phone: 412656	Children need to be cheered up. They can be taken for outings. Crafts can be taught. Games to be taught.	: do :
c) Seva Samajam Girls' Home	23/24, Casa Major Road, Egmore, Madras-600 008.	Young girls who are destitutes are provided shelter, training and education.	Mrs. Padma Raghavachari, hon. secretary. Phone: 811289	Volunteers can teach indoor games and outdoor games, talk to girls on "Family Life Awareness"	: do :

SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU !

WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO DO

NAME OF ORGANISATION	ADDRESS	SOCIAL SERVICES RENDERED	WHOM TO CONTACT	VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR	TIMINGS
d) Seva Samajam Training Institute	23/24, Casa Major Road, Egmore, Madras-600 008.	Girls are trained as house-keepers. They are trained in cooking, child care and house-keeping.	Mrs. Nirmala Gokaran, hon. secretary Phone: 812512.	Volunteers are needed to teach girls new dishes.	In consultation with the organisation.
e) Seva Samajam Boys' Home	Sligram, Madras.	Destitute boys are provided shelter, education and training.	Mrs. Korshed Thimmayya, hon. secretary Phone: 420596	Volunteers are needed to help boys in their studies. Material aid like old books and magazines are welcome.	: do :
f) Bala Vihar	Halls Road, Kilpauk, Madras-600 010.	Home for mentally retarded boys and girls. There is a day school for retarded children.	Dr. Nargis Ganapathy, hon. secretary Phone: 611593.	These children need to be cheered up. Volunteers can teach games, crafts, take children for outings. Material assistance by way of clothes, games equipment, is welcome.	: do :
g) Nutrition on Wheels	23/24, Casa Major Road, Egmore, Madras-600 008.	Slum children in various slums of Madras are given milk and bulgar wheat.	Mrs. Lilly Sattar Phone: 81579	Volunteers are needed to organise the centres where children are fed. They can talk to mothers about health and value of nutrition.	In consultation with home authorities.
h) Bal Bhavan (Boys' Home)	Kodambakkam, Madras-600 024.	It is a home for destitute boys.	Mrs. R. Challam, hon. secretary Phone: 411308	Volunteer service is needed to take the children for outings, help in studies. Material assistance in any useful form is welcome.	: do :
i) Mangalapuram Creche and Medical Centre	Chetpet, Madras-600 031.	Slum welfare by way of medical assistance, creche, adult literacy class and vocational training is done.	Mrs. B. Arumugam Phone: 85711	Volunteers can help in adult literacy, creche and family welfare projects.	: do :
j) Guild of Service Information Bureau	Government House Estate, Mount Road, Madras-600 002.	It furnishes information to the public on all matters connected with social welfare. A children's library is also run in the centre.	Mrs. Susainathan Phone: 845659 (Evening)	Volunteers are needed to work in the children's library. They can donate books and help in the increase of membership.	: do :
Orthopaedic Centre, Andhra Mahila Sabha	3, Adyar Bridge Rd., Madras-600 028.	Here the physically and mentally handicapped are rehabilitated. They have residential and outpatient care for rehabilitating children.	Mrs. V. Hanumantha Rao, hon. secy. Phone: 76001	Volunteers are needed to visit the children and cheer them up. Financial assistance is needed to sponsor poor children who are disabled and cannot afford treatment and aids. Help is needed to develop the sheltered workshop.	: do :
Home For The Aged, Little Sisters of the Poor.	5, Harrington Rd., Chetpet, Madras-600 031.	They run a home for the aged who are poor and disabled.	Sister-in-Charge Phone: 665963	Volunteers can visit the aged to cheer them up and conduct recreational activities. Any form of material assistance is welcome.	In consultation with the Sister-in-Charge.

Family Life Institute Association for Social Health.	Abhaya Nilayam, 112, Cutchery Rd., Madras-600 004.	The Institute has family life education lectures for various groups in the community. These lectures prepare people to understand themselves and others better.	Dr. V. S. Rishi, honorary secy. Phone: 71451	Volunteers are needed to organise these lectures for various groups like teenagers, women, married couples, schools and colleges.	In consultation with the hon. secretary.
Monday (Charity) Club	9, Prithvi Avenue, Madras-600 018.	The members of this club work to help the needy and the poor.	Mrs. Savithri Vaidi Phone: 77433	Volunteers who want to help people can become members of this organisation. They can help in raising material assistance.	
Family Planning Association of India (Madras Branch).	No. 10, II Main Rd., C.I.T. Colony, Madras-600 004.	Population education for various groups in the community. Family welfare centres where maternity and child health are cared for, Community welfare programmes on nutrition, health, immunisation, literacy, organising exhibitions and symposia.	Mrs. Rukmini Mani, hon. secretary Phone: 71197	Volunteers are required in population education, immunisation, literacy in various centres where the organisation has been working.	
School for the Blind, Little Flower Convent	Cathedral P.O., Madras-600 006.	School for blind girls. There is a workshop for blind girls. Blind girls do beautiful embroidery.	S. Lia M. Y. Verwaest Headmistress Phone: 443674.	(i) Volunteer service is required for typing correspondence. (ii) Helping in writing letters for the students and helping in dictation.	For typing daily Writing letters 10 to 12 noon. 1.30 to 3.30 p.m.
Voluntary Health Service	Medical Centre, Adyar, Madras-600 020.	Free medical aid is given to the needy and the poor.	Brig. M. A. Ramaswamy, Specialist in Community Health. Phone: 412018/412123 412371	Volunteers are required for filling O. P. tickets and to direct patients to various departments, etc.	in consultation with the secretary.
YWCA (Young Women's Christian Association)	Poonamalle High Rd., Madras-600 084.	a. They have a home for destitute girls. b. Adult literacy and craft classes in four centres in Madras city. Play centre and nursery school for slum children. A feeding centre for aged. A rehabilitation centre for cured mental patients.	Social Service Secretary Phone: 34234	Volunteers to serve by way of helping in studies and conducting recreational activities for destitute girls, etc.	To be fixed In consultation with the secretary.
Madras Christian Council of Social Service. a. Urban community development programme in Korukkupet Vyasarpadi, Park Town. b. Pre-school and nutrition programme in 19 centres in Madras. c. Environmental improvement. d. Emergency relief. e. Madras counselling centre.	10, Rosary Church Road, Santhome, Madras-600 004.	Under urban community service the Centre tackles the problems of health, nutrition, youth service, water supply, pre-school nutrition. Home visits are also made to check the health of the people. Vocational guidance is given to secondary school drop-outs. A self-employment scheme has been evolved for families to increase their income. Youth leadership programme is given. Stranded railway passengers are assisted by way of accommodation, information, etc, at the Madras Central Railway Station. Relief work is done during times of emergency. The counselling centre provides assistance to people facing conflicts. Hospital visiting is done.	Mr. N. Nelson, executive secretary Phone: 73015	Volunteers are welcome to work in the urban community projects. They can work with mothers about the value of nutrition by improving the diet with inexpensive foods. Help in immunisation programme. Motivate T. B. patients to attend the clinics regularly and conduct group discussion with mothers. Organise picnics and recreational activities for children, youth and women. Help stranded passengers in railway stations. Help in organising training programmes for the Counselling Centre.	In consultation with the executive sec.
Indian Red Cross Society, Tamil Nadu Branch.	Red Cross Bldg., 12, Montieth Rd., Egmore, Madras-600 006.	Red Cross in Tamil Nadu is doing rehabilitation work for handicapped; hospital visiting, family welfare, securing blood donors, emergency relief, maternity and child welfare, urban community welfare, and work for youth welfare through Junior Red Cross.	Dr. Mrs. Jayalakshmi Rao, hon. secretary Phone: 89505	Volunteers are needed for hospital visiting where disabled Jawans are hospitalised; membership campaign, securing blood donors, help chronic patients to learn handicrafts, promote adult literacy in slum areas.	



Dr. Padam Singhvi,
M.S.. F.R.C.S.(Eng.),

Advisers : Dr. N. S. Tibrewala
Dr. V. B. Athavale

PAEDIATRIC PROBLEMS

A guide for bringing up children sanely and safely

Your child isn't eating well? Your child is not putting on weight? Your child wets the bed at night even at the age of four years? Your child complains of pain in abdomen? What is the best way to rear your child so that he becomes healthy? These and a lot of other questions constantly haunt the minds of the parents and they try to find the answer to these queries from whatever source they can. This often confuses them and may lead them to do something which may harm the child.

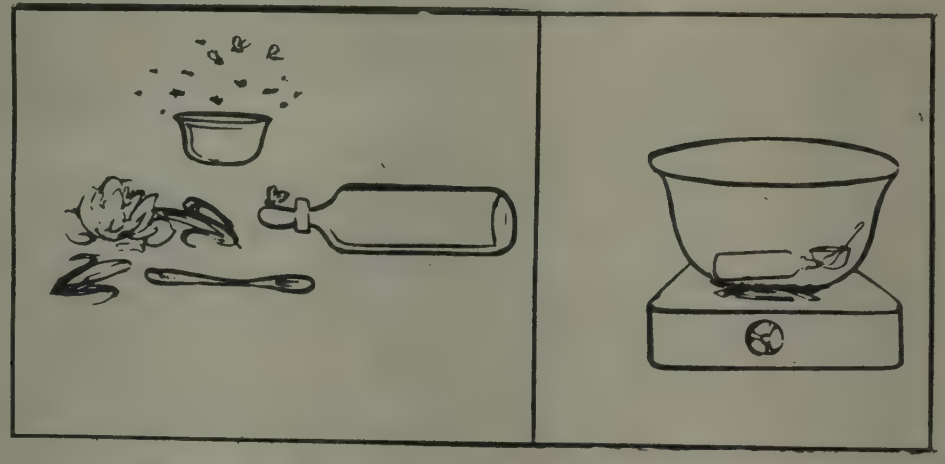
It is the ambition of all parents that their child should be very healthy, very intelligent and very active. To fulfil this ambition, some overenthusiastic parents overstuff their child, some become overprotective, while others try to discipline the child by being very strict with it. All these methods do no good to the child, on the contrary they may cause harm. We shall discuss some of the common diseases of children and some of the common problems that confront parents.

The common diseases in children are day to day ailments like the common cold, cough, diarrhoea, dysentry, high fever with chills and rigors, enlargement of tonsils, etc. Besides these, pain in the abdomen, worms in intestines, anaemia, malnutrition, epilepsy, etc. also affect children quite often. There are also several congenital defects in children that may cause a lot of suffering to them. Various diseases like tuberculosis, kidney disease, diabetes and even cancer have also been reported among them. The list can be very long, but we shall only discuss the common ones in this article.

Diarrhoea in infants and toddlers is very common. Those mothers who breast feed their children give a kind of protection to their offspring from diarrhoea because mother's milk contains certain factors which enhance the digestive power of the little ones. The fashion of weaning the child very early is bad. Now it has been proved beyond doubt that no milk can compete with mother's milk and at least up to six months of age the child should be breast fed. When the feeding bottles are not properly cleaned or when the milk preparations are not properly made or diluted, the child often gets diarrhoea. The digestive system of some children is quite weak right from birth and hence they suffer from diarrhoea quite often. It is presumed that diarrhoea is a normal occurrence during teething time. This is a misconception. The fact is teething causes irritation of the gums and that makes the child put anything that it can grab into its mouth during this period. This results in infective diarrhoea. Therefore such diarrhoea should be treated promptly.

To prevent diarrhoea in children, besides breast feeding, care should be taken about the top feeding. For this, two to three sets of bottles should be kept which should be washed properly and boiled for 10 minutes. Proper hygiene like washing hands, keeping the bottles covered, etc. while handling them and feeding the child is necessary. The habit of giving left over milk to the child is bad and should be avoided. Infection, amoebiasis, worms, etc. should be treated promptly. Proper dilution of the prepared milk to suit the baby can prevent diarrhoea to a great extent.

There are several defects that the baby acquires while in the uterus of the mother. These congenital defects can be prevented to a great extent by certain precautions taken during pregnancy. If the boy and the girl can be checked for genetic defects before marriage then their offspring will not have genetic defects. During the first 3-4 months of pregnancy medication of any kind should be avoided as far as possible because that is the peak development period of the baby. Any kind of dope, sedatives and tranquillisers should not be taken during pregnancy. Smoking and drinking by the mother during pregnancy can harm the child. It is very important that any kind of X-ray exposure during these months of gestation should be avoided. Adequate precautions are also essential for the safety of the child as far as infectious diseases in the mothers are concerned. Measles, German measles



ABOVE: Pic. on left shows dirty surroundings, flies, etc. that cause diarrhoea. Right pic. shows proper boiling of bottles.

RIGHT : Playing outdoors is important for health.

BELOW : How common cold germs spread — air-borne infection and by contact.

ther can cause congenital defects in the child.

Repeated attacks of cold, cough, running nose, etc. are very common in children. A child gets immunity against certain viral infections e.g. small-pox, chicken-pox, etc. But there are several varieties of viruses causing colds and cough. That is why this rule does not apply here and these attacks are repeated in children. In cities, over-crowding causing cross infection, insanitary conditions, polluted atmosphere, smoke, etc. are some of the important contributing factors. In villages these factors are absent and hence the incidence of colds and cough is also less. Some of the children are constitutionally prone to this ailment, being too weak to fight them. A weak, undernourished child has a weak defence system; that is why he suffers more from recurrent attacks of cold and cough. For some the climate is the problem. The climate of the place where it lives may not agree with its body systems and this results in colds and coughs.

Some children with enlarged tonsils get high fever every three or four weeks. Tonsils, our security guards, ensure safety of our oral route. But if they are weakened by repeated infections then they are of no use and an attack of tonsillitis every now and then will ruin the health of the child. Such tonsils should be removed on the advice of a specialist. If our watchman starts stealing then we have no alternative but to remove him. Therefore, removal of bad tonsils is good for the child. But I must warn against the habit of getting rid of normal tonsils for future safety. This is definitely a bad move.

Amoebiasis, dysentery, worms in the intestine, are extremely common problems among children. We have already dealt in detail about these aspects in our article on Amoebiasis. Suffice to say here that it is a disease of poor hygiene, polluted water, overcrowding and improperly handled food. The child loses appetite, complains of chronic abdominal pain, indigestion and loose motions. He passes mucous in stools, becomes anaemic and weak and loses his health gradually. Proper treatment can cure the child. But to prevent recurrent infection it is essential to observe proper hygiene. Drinking boiled and filtered water and avoiding eating in unhygienic places like the roadside, etc. can ensure safety against this disease.

The most common problem of the parents is the fear that the child is not eating well and so his growth is not normal.

During the first year of life the child grows rapidly as it triples its weight at the end of the first year. Naturally, a child needs more nourishment during this period. Then, between one to 12 years this rate of growth slows down considerably; the child puts on 10 to 15 per cent of body weight every year. Again between 12 to 18 years of age growth accelerates and the rate of weight gain now is 15 to 20 per cent each year. Therefore, the appetite will vary as it is directly dependent on the food requirements of the body. In addition, some eat well, but still they remain thin and vice versa. Individual constitutions vary a lot. The parents should understand this and should not get unnecessarily concerned if their four-to-five-year-old-child eats as little as a younger child.

When such children are brought to us we first confirm that he has no organic trouble like amoebiasis, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc. Once we know that the child is physically normal we try to probe his mental attitude. If he is coaxed too much to eat then he may be refusing to eat just to get more attention. In cities appetite is poor as compared to villages. At home one eats less than when he is vacationing or at a picnic. In addition, in summer the appetite is better than in winter and in illness we lose appetite. At times the food may not be to the liking of the child. Similarly, their urge to eat at meal time will diminish if they have been eating in between meals. This occurs because over anxious parents, especially the mothers, keep giving the child something or other to eat all the time. The child may eat at a neighbour's place also.

Therefore, once it is established that the child is free from disease, he is growing well, and for his age he is eating normally, then it is the parents who need counselling more than the child.

Another common complaint is that the child is not putting on weight. Every one would like to see her child healthy and chubby but the individual constitution varies a lot and a healthy child can be thin as well as fat. All babies are normally fat between the age of six months and one year. Then as he grows older, he starts losing fat and becomes lean or even thin until adolescence, when he again puts on weight. Children are active and energetic. So, in spite of good eating they may remain lean. What they lack in reality are pads of fat and not strength and stamina. And mind you, usually a fat child becomes a fat adult, so don't force your child to become fat.

Mothers have a craze to give tonics to their children whether they need it or not. They consider tonics as essential as good food to make their children chubby and healthy. Tonics are not substitutes for good food. Excess tonics taken in at one end will pass out at the other. They may even have ill effects at times. After all they are drugs. If, however, the child is anaemic or lacks in vitamins it may be advisable to give a proper tonic on doctor's advice. So, do not make it a habit to give your child some tonic every day just because you have seen some advertisements.

Oil massage is traditionally given to all babies. Massage is good for the delicate skin of the baby, particularly if the baby's skin is dry. It improves the complexion and tones up the muscles. Due to continuous activity some children complain of muscle cramps. Here also oil massage helps. Olive oil, mustard oil, coconut oil, are good for massage.

Children playing doctor and patient can be dangerous. The elder child giving medicine to the younger one may give any of the many shown around them.

Some parents, in their efforts to inculcate discipline in their children, keep nagging them all the time. Discipline is good, but it should begin only after the child is capable of understanding the rationale behind it. Initial attempts should be slow and tactful. The child should be praised for carrying out the task allotted to him. Punishment should be occasional but effective and should be given only if necessary. It is a wrong practice to discipline the child by threatening, or frightening, or beating. Such a child becomes timid, fearful and then gradually develops an inferiority complex.

"My child always plays, and doesn't study," is another common complaint. Outdoor playing is as important as reading. Playing helps the child to grow and develop in all spheres of life — physically, mentally and psychologically. Play develops the various skills and tones up his muscles. While playing with other children, the child learns to be a good mixer, he learns to behave in society and learns to compete. Of course, study is important too. So parents should attempt to persuade their child to do both in equal measure.

Even at the age of five or six years some children wet their beds at night. These children are usually emotionally high strung and tense. And then when we scold them for bed-wetting they again wet the bed out of fear. These children need sympathy rather than scolding. A tranquilliser at night may help them. Some children sleep very soundly and yet they do not get up to urinate. These children should be woken up at a particular time and made to urinate. If this is carried on regularly for three to four months, then the child overcomes the habit.

The age at which accidents occur the most is between one and four years. To satisfy his natural inquisitiveness he puts everything he can lay his hands upon into his mouth. Therefore, all the members at home should be cautious in this respect. They should keep harmful articles away from the reach of the child. Chemicals, insecticides, medicines, etc. should be stored properly where the child cannot reach them. Sharp objects like knives, blades, etc. should also be kept away from children. Adequate protection of doors, windows, balconies, stairs, etc. will help in preventing serious accidents.

There are many things one can do to bring up a child as a healthy adult. Some of the important steps are proper nutrition, immunisation, proper protection and education against accidents and poisoning, proper emotional development and timely treatment of ailments. Some of these we have discussed here and the rest will be dealt with in subsequent articles.

To be continued

people and events

Sarju Mehta, receptionist, presents a bouquet from Oberoi-Sheraton to the new Commissioner of Police, Bombay, Mr. V. V. Choubal. Looking on are from left: Mr. Ramachandran, Additional Commissioner of Police, Mr. Tyagi, Deputy Commissioner and Mrs. Choubal.

LEFT: Mrs. Sudha Chemburkar receives the Eve's Weekly Rolling Cup from Dr. Jamshed J. Bhabha, president, Friends of the Trees, at their 18th annual show's prize distribution in Bombay.

RIGHT: Seen at the Hotel Mughal, Agra, are from left: Mr. P. I. Ittyerah, principal, St. John's College, Agra, Mrs. Soffen, Dr. Gerald A. Soffen, chief scientist of the Viking II Mission to Mars, Mr. Anil Bajaj, sales manager, and Mr. M. L. Kapoor.

LEFT: Dr. Roshen Master accepts the Duplicating machine from Lioness president Chandrakala Shetty, while secretary Kamla Saha looks on.

LEFT: Seen at the All Nations Club's "Made for Each Other Contest" are from left: Mr. S. M. Luthra, president, Mr. J. P. Bhatnagar, Mr. Pali Sodhi and Mrs. Nikki Sodhi, winners, Mrs. J. M. Kumar, Mrs. Surinder Singh, Mr. C. L. Agarwal, Mr. G. K. Mehtani, Mrs. C. L. Agarwal, Mrs. G. Mazumdar and Mr. Kanwaljit Singh, hon. secretary.

Mr. Faroqui, director of Tourism, J & K, inaugurates the recreation centre, started by Mrs. Promila Jain (right) in Pahalgam.

BELOW: Bangalore models seen with Mrs. Sabitha Radhakrishna of "Urvashi", and her sister Malini Krishnagopal (4th and 5th from right).

bombay

The Indian chapter of the Ohara School of Ikebana held an Ikebana Demonstration by Mrs. Hena Rahimtulla.

Mr. K. Suehiro, the Acting Consul General for Japan was the chief guest at the largely attended function.

The seven arrangements and demonstrations comprised of both traditional and modern patterns, including Mrs. Rahimtulla's own variations.

* * *

The 27th Annual General Meeting of the Dr. H. D. Kanga Memorial Library was held at the premises of the Library in the Garware Pavilion of the Bombay Cricket Association.

The portrait of Mr. Homi Contractor was unveiled by Mr. S. K. Wankhede, Minister for Industries and Sport, Government of Maharashtra.

Mr. Homi Contractor has been the Hony. Secretary/Hony. Treasurer of the Library right from its inception in 1950.

* * *

A Silver Jubilee Exhibition to commemorate the completion of 25 years of Queen Elizabeth II's reign was inaugurated in Bombay by Mr. Eric Young, British Deputy High Commissioner, at the Chartered Bank Hall.

Mr. Young recalled the relation of the Bank with the Queen and stated that the British Government thought very highly of the Chartered Bank and similar institutions who have been serving Commonwealth countries like India over a century.

The exhibition consisted of photographs of the Queen's visits to various countries and a lot of information on the royalty of Britain through the ages.

calcutta

All Nations Club organised a "Made for Each Other" contest at the Calcutta Punjab Club. Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Sodhi were adjudged the winners while a consolation prize was awarded to Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Agarwal for being sporting enough to enter the contest — they are grandparents! Eighteen couples participated in the contest. The judges were Mrs. J. M. Kumar, Mrs. Surinder Singh, Mr. J. P. Bhatnagar and Mr. H. Mazumdar of Eve's Weekly. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Pushpa Luthra, wife of Mr. S. M. Luthra, President of the Club and Mr. Kanwaljit Singh, Hony. Sec., was the Master of Ceremonies.

* * *

pune

The Lionesses gifted a duplicating machine to the Kamayani School for the Mentally Retarded, and a handloom to the Andh Kalyan mandal of Pimpri, at a function held by the Lioness club of Pimpri, at the Boat club. Dr. (Mrs.) Roshen Master, the eminent psychiatrist, was the chief guest.

Earlier Lioness President Chandrakala Shetty welcomed everyone. Lioness Tamer Gita Basu proposed the vote of thanks.

* * *

The Christian Aid has given gifts worth Rs. 1,13,000 for the housing project for the Patients of Anandgram — A Home for Lepromats near Pune.

Dr. Indu Patwardhan who looks after the home thanked Rev. Dr. Kenneth Slack, Director of Christian Aid, for the magnanimous gift.

hyderabad

Glowing tributes were paid to Sister Mary Luigia, Principal, St. Ann's High School, Tarnaka, on the eve of her transfer to Bihar. Sister Luigia was visibly moved by the affection shown by both parents and students. The students also welcomed Sister Prasada, the incoming Principal, and Sister Hyacinth, Superior and Correspondent.

simla

Begum Aminuidin Ahmed Khan, wife of the Governor of Himachal Pradesh, made her first public appearance when she distributed uniforms and pullovers to poor students at the Town Hall.

The occasion was provided by the Inner Wheel Club, Simla. Detailing its activities, Mrs. Usha Malhotra, President of the Club, said that the Inner Wheel had adopted three villages near Simla, educating the children and giving help to the young unemployed.

* * *

An interesting debate on "Students & Politics" was held at the Y.M.C.A.

The youth were resentful about politicians using them for their own ends. The debate was sponsored by the Hi. Y. Club, a body recently organised under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., Simla, with the express aim to provide a forum for the youth to express their ideas. The team-trophy was bagged by Loreto Convent, to Aruti Sharma and Vinita Ahlawat for all-round performances. Miss Tejinder Sethi got the first prize, and Sanjay, the lone male winner, the third prize.

bangalore

An exhibition of exclusive handlooms presented by Urvashi of Madras, was inaugurated by Rani Vijaya Devi at Hotel East West. The exhibition was accompanied by a fashion show, with models displaying Urvashi's summer collections.

* * *

Mrs. Teresa Bhattacharya, Director of Women and Children's Welfare, Government of Karnataka, presided over the Helen Keller Day Celebrations organised by the newly established Karnataka State Branch of the National Association for the Blind.

* * *

Rama Devi, a blind student of the Sri Satya Sai Women's College, Anantapur, won the first prize shield in the Diploma examination held at the end of a month-long Summer Course on "Indian Culture and Spirituality" in Whitefield, Bangalore. More than 800 students from all parts of India attended this course.

mussorie

Himalyani Gupta of Delhi was crowned Weston Queen, at a contest organised by Weston Electronics Ltd., at Hotel Savoy, Mussoorie.

Reema Goel, Kanchan Kapur and Rimjhim Nangia were declared the first, second and third runners-up respectively.

kerala

Training in spinning fine Khadi yarn known as Muslin thread, on Amber Charka, will be given to 25 young women at the Ernakulam Womens' Association Hall under the auspices of the Kerala Gandhi Smaraka Nidhi.

* * *

An exhibition of 26 paintings by Mrs. Jaya Subramaniam of Trivandrum was arranged by the Rotary Club. The painter is fond of colours and nature. The theme of her works is the study of flowers and she follows the technique of painting the tender and soft petals of flowers with thick and hasty strokes. A post-graduate of Fine Arts from Stella Maris College, Madras, the artist has developed her talent in painting under the guidance of Mr. Ram Gopal, Madras.

world of eve

KAMALA BHARGAVA

Gentle looking and soft spoken Mrs. Kamala Bhargava makes an ideal guardian of homeless children.

After she lost Dilip, her 13 year old son, many years ago, Mrs. Bhargava found in every child the image of her son. She decided to dedicate herself completely to serve all those suffering in society, especially little children.

Mrs. Bhargava has been associated with the UP Council for Child Welfare since 1953 and has been its Honorary General Secretary for the past ten years.

One of her notable successful cases was a young girl suffering from heart desease. Doctors in India gave the girl just six months to live. Through the Council and her own untiring efforts, Mrs. Bhargava set forth collecting funds, through which the girl was sent to London for heart surgery. Today she is married. The unhappy and the needy throng to Mrs. Bhargava with the common conviction that they will not be turned away, without being helped.

DR. USHA RAO

To stop the medical brain drain the curriculum should be redesigned according to the country's needs, rural service be made compulsory for 2 years, better service conditions guaranteed and national consciousness among doctors should be increased, says Dr. Usha Rao of the Post Graduate Institute of Medical Education and Research, Chandigarh.

Lack of job opportunities, job mobility and professional facilities, urban-oriented growth and irrelevance of undergraduate training to the social situation make doctors settle abroad, she says.

Dr. Rao, 26, got the first prize of Rs. 5,000 in February from the Indian Drugs and Pharmaceuticals Limited for her essay on "Medical Brain Drain — its causes and prevention."

She is Senior Resident Registrar in the Psychiatry Department at the PGI, specialising in child psychiatry.

Her hobbies include dramatics, debating and painting.

madam i'm adam

It was the most gawd-awful case of hiccups I've ever had in my life. It didn't come out of a bottle either, but was probably due to the devastating effects of too hot food, consumed too quickly.

Now, honey, I'm telling you — everyone from street cleaners to political big wheels claim to have a pet cure for hiccups. Everyone!

* * *

So when I tottered into the house at 5.30 p.m. that day, I immediately said to Phyllis, "What's **your** cure for hiccups?"

Her reaction was typical. "Lawsy, lawsy," she said, "my hero returns from a day at the office — stewed to the ear-lobes."

"Cut the wisecracks," I said. "I haven't — hic — been drinking. Ate food too — hic — hot for me."

* * *

"Hold your breath," she said.

"Tried it," I said, "didn't do any — hic — good."

"Then drink some water from the far side of the glass," she said and handed me a tumbler of Adam's Ale.

It's a pretty neat trick if you can do it. Me, I'm no goddam contortionist. Most of the water had to be mopped off the floor. Just then my kids, Elsa Joan and Kenneth Carl, blew into the house and read the situation in twenty seconds flat.

* * *

"Hey look," said Ken, "Pop's got the jerks."

Well, I know a cure," said Elsa Joan to me. "Just clutch your nose tightly, open your mouth wide, bend your head to try and touch your knees and say "WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW for as long as your breath holds out."

"Whaddya think I am?" I said, "a lousy — hic — circus dog?"

"But, Pop, it works," said my daughter. "I always get rid of hiccups that way."

* * *

By now the "jerks" had me almost crazy, so I clutched my nose tightly, etc. etc. and went 'WOW - WOW - WOW - WOW - WOW - WOW — HIC — BLAST."

I straightened up, swearing. My daughter said, "Gee, Pop, you sure got it bad."

And that's when Kenneth Carl piped up. "Look, Pop," he said, "my psychology master says that beer and tomato juice stops the hiccups. Why don't you try it?"

* * *

This gem of wisdom sounded doubtful to me, but I was too far gone to care.

"And don't cheat, Pop," said Ken, "don't leave out the tomato juice."

"Well, well," I said. "A mere kid lecturing me on ethics. Okay, son, you win. I'll try it."

So for the next ten minutes, I sipped the ghastly mixture. But . . . you guessed it . . . it didn't work. Now when I hicced, I gurgled too.

My son piped up again. "Maybe you put too much beer and not enough tomato juice."

* * *

"Tell you what," said Phyllis. "I'll get out my old ma's Book of Home Cures — bound to be something in it that works."

"Here we are," she said when she'd found the book, "how about these? One: blow successively into six paper bags fast. Two: standing on the head until the temples pound will usually get rid of the complaint."

"Ye gods!" I said, "isn't there anything easier?"

* * *

"Well," said Phyllis, "this next one seems easy enough. It says to stand in a basin of iced water into which two tablespoons of vinegar have been added."

"I don't see the — hic — connection," I said. "But we'll try it anyway."

So we tried it — and wonderful to relate — it worked like a dream.

"Darling," I said, "I take back all I said. That Book of Home Cures is pretty hot stuff. Lemme see it, will you?"

And you know what? The iced water and vinegar routine had nothing to do with hiccups. It was a cure for swollen feet.

G'bye now!

Adam

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 30, 1977

WOMEN OF JAPAN:
Traditionalists in modern garb

STEPPING OUT IN MIDDLE AGE:
A new lease of life

ACUPUNCTURE:
A new interest in the old system

PHOTOJOURNALISM:
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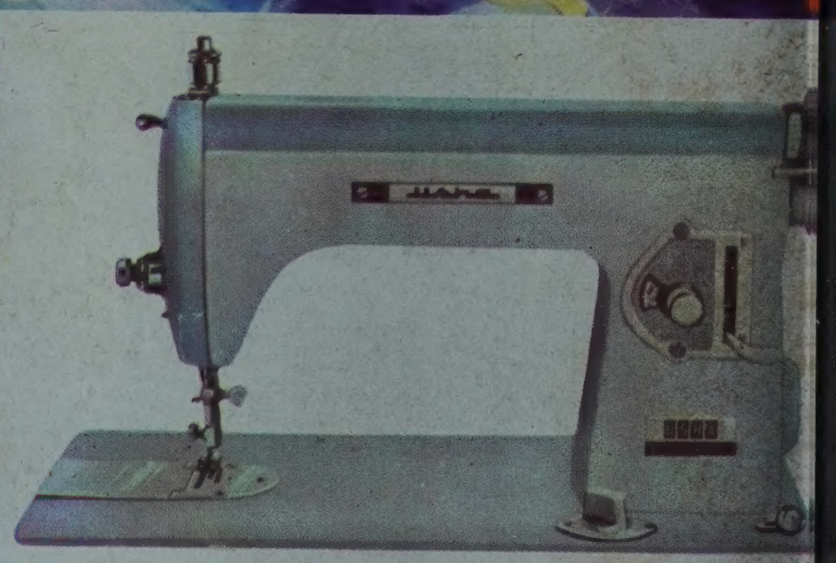
4. **Bala Dutt Attari . . . Jabli,** Dist Solan.
5. **Ashish Enterprises** . . . A-4 Industrial Estate, **Ludhiana.** Phone 24-273.
6. **Lovely Sweet House :** New Shopping Centre, **Sri Ganganagar** (Rajasthan) Phone 374.
7. **Minish Trading Co.;** 6, Sadul Colony, **Bikaner** (Rajasthan)
8. **Sagar Sales Company** — Badra Bazar-**Sirsa** (Haryana)
9. **HIM-Juices :** Shop No. 2, behind Shyamlal College, F-Block Naveen Shahdara — **Delhi**-110032.

Enquiries Solicited From Unrepresented Areas

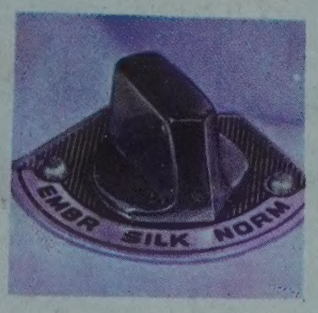
For beautiful women

–a beautiful machine



ttractive. Sleek. Two-toned. USHA
reamlined—the sewing machine that
utclasses any other in its price range.
ith features that others can't match.
nd a 5-year guarantee too.

Patch Darner for easy darning and quick adjustment of pressure on cloth.



3-position drop feed for easy adjustment of feed-dog position.

Dial-type stitch regulator with lever for forward and reverse stitch control and locking arrangement.

Thread tension a
for regulating pc
tension.

USHA **Streamlined** feature for feature a better mac